

# The Sketch

No. 945.—Vol. LXXIII.

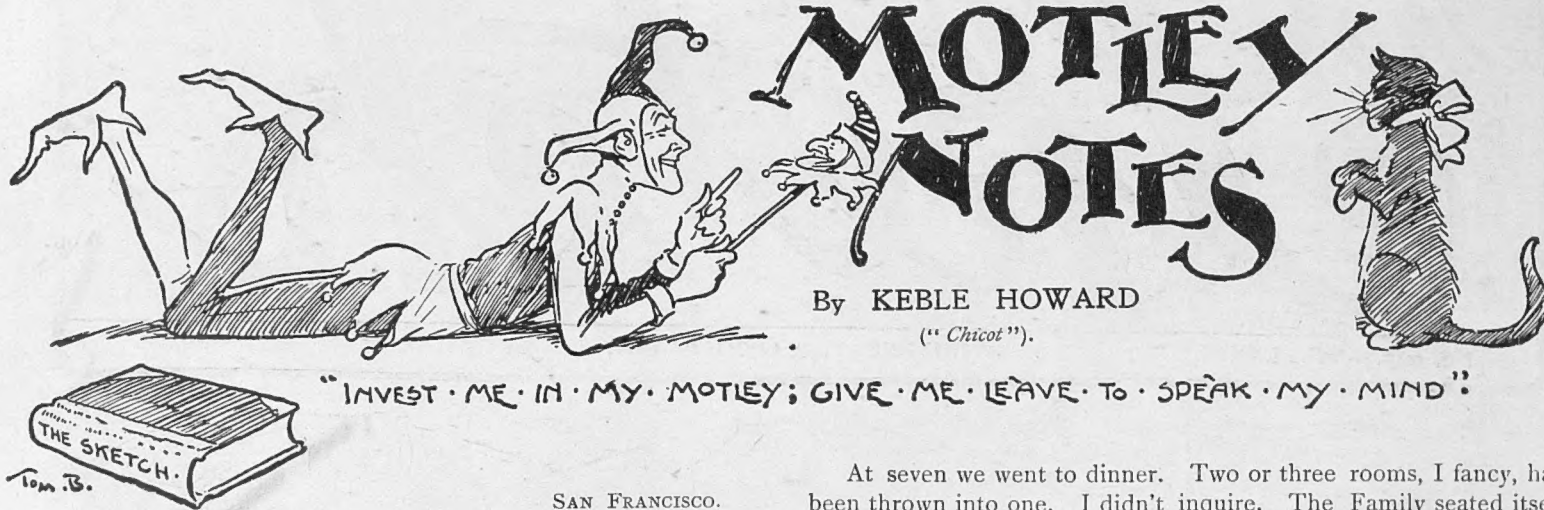
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



MARRIED QUIETLY YESTERDAY (TUESDAY): MRS. STIRLING, FORMERLY OF THE GAIETY THEATRE,  
AND LORD GEORGE CHOLMONDELEY, SON OF THE MARQUESS OF CHOLMONDELEY.

Lord George Hugo Cholmondeley, whose marriage to Mrs. Stirling, formerly of the Gaiety, took place quietly yesterday, is the second son of the Marquess of Cholmondeley, Joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England, and was born in 1887. He was educated at Eton, and is a Lieutenant in the Nottinghamshire Royal Horse Artillery (Territorials). His elder brother, the heir to the Peerage, is the Earl of Rocksavage. Lady George Cholmondeley, whose maiden name was Miss Clara Elizabeth Taylor, is an American. She appeared in "The Earl and the Girl" at the Adelphi, and, after temporarily leaving the stage, she reappeared last year in "Our Miss Gibbs," at the Gaiety. Her first marriage, to Mr John Alexander Stirling, took place in 1904. It will be recalled that Lord George Cholmondeley was left a legacy of £3000 by the late Lady Meux on condition of his marrying a lady in Society.—[Photographs by Bassano and the News Illustrations Co.]



SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO will always be associated in my mind with the Family Club, just as New York will always be associated with the Lotos, where I have lately received such splendid and courteous hospitality, and London with the dear old Savage, of which I have now been a member over eleven years.

San Francisco, for the reasons I gave last week, lends itself peculiarly to club life. You cannot have a club that is worth calling a club without the animating spirit of brotherliness, and San Francisco is the most brotherly place, I imagine, in the world.

There are points about the Family that I have not yet discovered elsewhere. To begin with, have you ever heard of a club of any size without rules? "1. That this Club shall be called . . ." and so on, through the long list of pains and penalties, subscriptions, mayn'ts and mustn'ts. There are two hundred members of the Family—there would be a thousand if they could get in—it is highly prosperous financially, and yet there are no printed lists of mayn'ts and mustn'ts. In point of fact, there are no rules at all.

Said "Pop," the honoured Founder of the club, to me: "We have only one rule in the Family—'There shall be no rules in this Family.'"

"But how do you manage about proposing and seconding candidates?"

"Oh, we have nothing of that sort. If we want a man to be a member, the whole club just turns out in a body and asks him." Imagine that happening in London, or any other great city known to you! We are beginning to understand San Francisco a little better, are we not?

"And what if any member proves objectionable to the others? How do you get rid of him?"

"Kick him out. If a man don't mix, we just hoof 'im out. That's the best way to do it. It's only happened about twice, if at all. I quite forget. But the idea of this club is that everybody must mix. That's why we have those large round tables in the dining-room. A member of the Family never sits in a corner by himself. A man is not supposed to sit at one table until another is filled. In the same way, everybody talks to everybody. That's the way we get along.

"We have a sort of annexe, you know, away down in the country, all among the forests and lakes. There we live, more or less, like savages. We sleep in tents, fish and shoot for our grub, and have sing-songs and pastoral plays in the evening. If there's too much game for us to eat, we shove it into the cars, bring it back to the club, and everybody gets the benefit of it."

"For nothing?"

"Why, certainly. This is a club—not a pub."

"And how d'you get to this place in the country?"

"Motor."

"Have you all got cars?"

"No, but there are enough to go round. By the way, we want you to come to our Thanksgiving Dinner. That's our big night of the year. Is it a bet?"

You bet it was a bet. I had strict injunctions to arrive about six o'clock, in time for a cocktail. Since dinner was timed for seven, this allowed a decent margin. At six-fifteen the little room devoted to the cult of the cocktail was full. At six-thirty it was twice full. At six-forty-five I expected to see the walls fall outwards and the roof fall in. I was then drawn into a political discussion. It was a very serious discussion, and we could make each other heard quite nicely by placing the lips close to the ear of the person addressed, and yelling.

At seven we went to dinner. Two or three rooms, I fancy, had been thrown into one. I didn't inquire. The Family seated itself at a number of round tables—always round tables. At one end of the room was a little stage concealed by an act-drop. In front of this, if you please, was an orchestra fifteen or twenty strong. As we entered, they broke into a merry rag-time.

"This is lavish," I said to Pop, on whose right I had the honour to be sitting. "Do you always indulge in an orchestra?"

"Indulge!" he cried. "That's our own orchestra, my boy! Every man in it is a member of the club. Heaven knows when they rehearse; but they do, as you can tell. And they just love it! See that chap beating the big drum? He's the richest man in the club—a millionaire. You might separate him from his millions; but I pity you if you try to separate him from his drum."

"And don't they have any dinner?"

"Certainly they have dinner—in between the tunes."

At this moment the act-drop rolled up, and the interior of a Californian log-hut was revealed. The Mother-in-law, the presiding genius of the evening—entered, followed by various relatives. Then, upon each table in the room, a huge turkey was placed. At a given signal, each chairman fell upon his turkey and hacked it to pieces. The man first to leave the carcase of his turkey quite bare was the winner. I am proud to say that our table won. I have never been helped so quickly or more plentifully in my life.

And all the time the band was playing like mad, the Mother-in-law conducting after the style of Sousa—save that he used a wooden ladle for a bâton. Somebody mentioned that the library needed support. Immediately a shower of dollar and five-dollar pieces descended upon the stage—they scorn paper-money out West—so that those seated in that distinguished position had to duck and bob to save their faces. I saw one man empty both pockets and pour all the silver he had about him into the hands of the honorary treasurer.

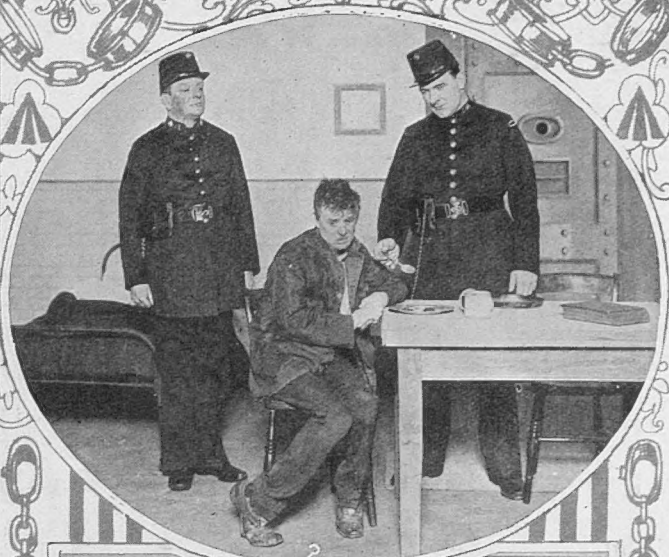
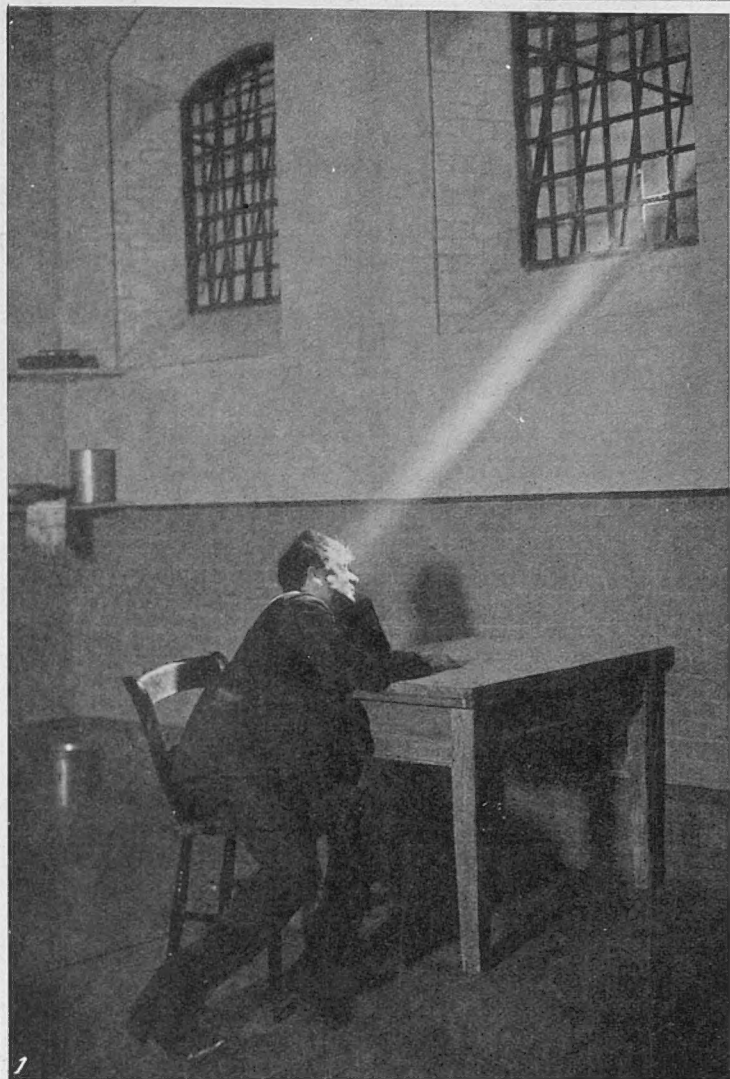
I talked with some splendidly interesting characters that night. One man was tall, gaunt, irrepressibly joyous. Clamoured for, he had given off an impromptu speech worthy of Bret Harte, following it up with a little bit of descriptive acting that either Nat Goodwin or Sir Charles Wyndham, I fancy, would have applauded. This man, it seemed, had won through a great fortune, and now held a small Government berth in some isolated district. All the year he husbanded his money in order that he might be with the boys at their Thanksgiving Dinner. Can you wonder that he was irrepressibly joyous? Can you wonder that they shouted for him till the tears ran down their faces?

I walked back to my hotel in company with another honoured member of the club—a Judge of the Supreme Court. To the best of my recollection, I have never exchanged views with an English Judge in my life. I have been so near to them, in a quite blameless capacity, that almost I might have touched the hem of their garments, but I have never ventured to call their attention to my meek self.

In San Francisco even a Judge is quite near to his fellow-man. On that moonlit midnight walk we talked of books and plays, of the relations existing between England and America, of the great earthquake and the greater fire, of the future of San Francisco and the huge Exposition of 1915, of clubs, and good men, and charming women, of the sweetnesses and the bitternesses of life. Gallant, sweet-hearted little gentleman, I take off my hat to you! And I take off my hat to California, the Land of Real Men! May God and the Good Fairies be with you!

## GILBERT IN GRAND GUIGNOL MOOD: "THE HOOLIGAN,"

BY SIR W. S. GILBERT, AT THE COLISEUM.

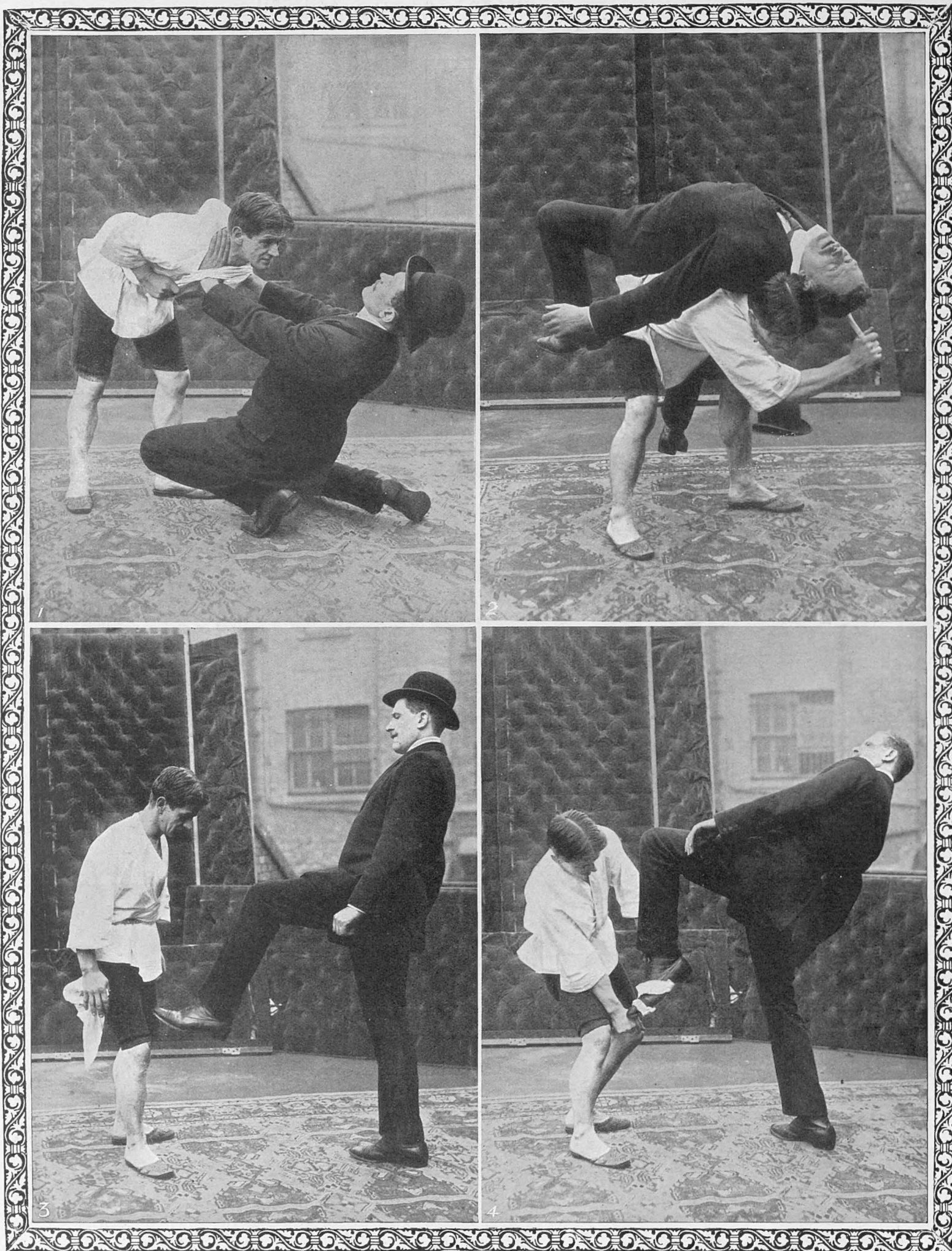


1. NAT SOLLY (MR. JAMES WELCH), SITTING IN THE CONDEMNED CELL, UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH, CAN DO NOTHING BUT COUNT THE FLIES ON THE WALL, AND WONDER "WHAT IT WILL BE LIKE WHEN IT COMES."
2. NAT SOLLY REJECTS THE HAM AND EGGS BROUGHT FOR HIS BREAKFAST ON THE MORNING FIXED FOR HIS EXECUTION, IN SPITE OF THE WARDER'S KINDLY ATTEMPTS TO PERSUADE HIM TO EAT TO STRENGTHEN HIMSELF FOR THE ORDEAL.

3. NAT SOLLY, PUTTING ON HIS ORDINARY CLOTHES FOR THE LAST TIME, ASKS THE WARDER WHETHER THERE IS NO CHANCE OF A REPRIEVE, AND EXCLAIMS: "I AIN'T LIKE AN ORDINARY BLOKE. I'M FEEBLE-MINDED, I AM."
4. NAT SOLLY, IN THE REVULSION OF FEELING PRODUCED BY THE NEWS OF HIS REPRIEVE, SHRIEKS, "COMMUTED! PENAL SERVITUDE—THEN—THEN—I'M NOT TO BE HUNG! I'M TO LIVE!" AND DROPS—DEAD.

Sir W. S. Gilbert, that most brilliant humourist, has chosen a gruesome subject for his intensely dramatic sketch at the Coliseum, called "The Hooligan," and one which will certainly provoke discussion as to the present methods of dealing with capital cases. The piece represents very vividly the mental tortures of a youth under sentence of death for killing his sweetheart. Eventually the prison governor, chaplain, and officials enter the cell, and he loses all control of himself. The governor has come to announce a reprieve; but the strain has been too much, and the prisoner falls dead. The part of the hooligan is powerfully played by Mr. James Welch. Sir W. S. Gilbert is every whit as interesting in what may be called his Grand Guignol manner as he is in his lighter, and more usual, vein.—[Photographs by Campbell-Gray.]

## NO HANKY - PANKY! THE HANDKERCHIEF AS A WEAPON.



1. REMOVING THE GAROTTER FROM THE CAROTID: THE "RELEASE FROM STRANGLE HOLD."

3. THE MOUCHOIR AGAINST THE MOOCHER: THE HANDKERCHIEF DEFENCE AGAINST A KICK - POSITION 1.

2. TERGIVERSATION IS VEXATION: THE USE OF THE HANDKERCHIEF IN AN ATTACK FROM BEHIND.

4. COLLARED, OR RATHER "HANKIED," LOW: THE DEFENCE AGAINST A KICK - POSITION 2.

Hitherto the handkerchief has been put to peaceful uses, except, perhaps, by a murderer now and then. As an article of utility, we have regarded it, in the words of the dictionary, as "a piece of cloth carried about the person for wiping the face, mouth, nose, or hands, as occasion requires." It has had its romantic uses, also, being frequently dropped by lovers as a signal for meeting, and waved as a signal of farewell. It figures, too, in games, such as throwing the handkerchief. Now, as these photographs show, we must regard the gentle mouchoir as a formidable weapon, not for wiping the nose, etc., as occasion requires, but for wiping the floor with an opponent. For the "release from strangle hold" shown in the first photograph, the instructions are—"Pass handkerchief over hands and bend body, bringing your man down until helpless"; for the attack from behind (Photograph 2), "Throw handkerchief round neck, bend body, and throw opponent overhead"; for the defence against a kick (Photograph 4), "The handkerchief is jerked round the foot, and the ends are caught."—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

## SERPENTINE ARMS: THE NEW DJELI DANCE.



WITH ARMS AS SUPPLE AS A SNAKE: SAHARY DJELI IN THE "DANSE DES BRAS,"  
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In her remarkable performances at the London Hippodrome, Sahary Djeli now introduces a new dance, called "La Danse des Bras," in which the arms play a more important part than do the legs. The flexibility and suppleness of the dancer's arms suggest nothing more vividly than the snakes which are her pets.

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**The Starlit Mire.** J. Bertram  
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**MACMILLAN.**  
**Trevor Lordship.** Mrs. Hubert Barclay. 6s.  
**OUSELEY.**  
**Wild Flowers.** Reginald Rogers. 2s. 6d.  
net.  
**The Off-Wheeler.** "Mome." 2s. 6d. net.  
**HODGE.**  
**The Trial of the Stauntons.** J. B. Atlay,  
M.A. 5s. net.

**WHITAKER.**  
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Edited by Douglas Sladen and W.  
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**The Glory of the Almond Trees.** Margarita  
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## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, MARCH 11.

## SEEKING TO PROVE THAT BACON WROTE THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYS: THE SEARCH IN THE WYE.

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, MARCH 11.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

## TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

**TO ARTISTS.**—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on  
its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.  
Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be  
fully titled.

**TO AUTHORS.**—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to  
three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,  
and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and  
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**TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.**—In submitting Photographs, contributors are  
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(b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright.  
With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published  
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The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of  
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Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—  
are particularly desired.

**SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.**—The Editor will be glad to consider  
Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary  
rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred  
to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

**GENERAL NOTICES.**—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to  
the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their  
senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,  
destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs  
sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be  
accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

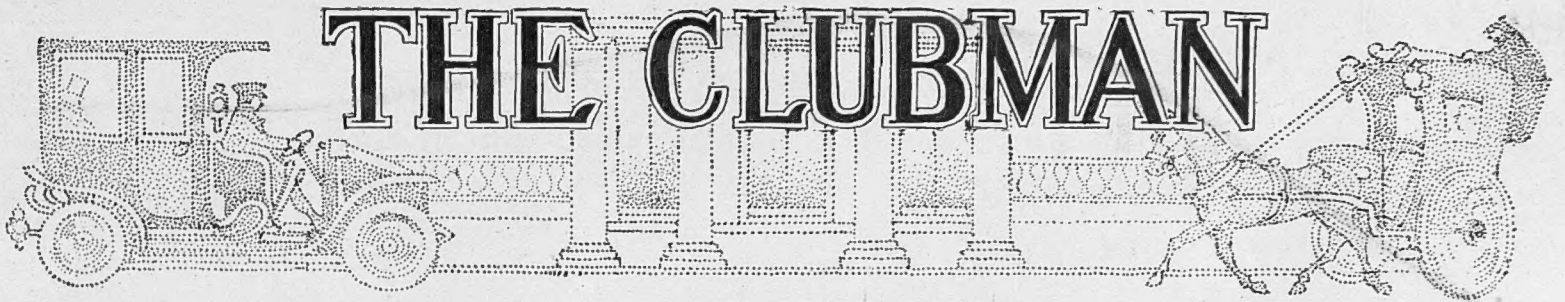
No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the  
Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of  
payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



### To Every Man a Trade.

His Majesty the King, the Premier, and the Leader of the Opposition have all written encouragingly to the Lord Mayor, who is leading the movement to give to every boy at school a training in some trade and to every girl some knowledge of cookery and household work. Whether it is the law now in Germany that every man, royal or noble or simple, should learn a trade in his youth I do not know; but in old days this was the custom, and every prince, as well as every burgher, could, as a last resource, cobble a pair of boots or do a day's work as a carpenter. That the ranks of unskilled labourers—that army of poor men who become in bad times an army of unemployed—should be decreased in numbers would be an excellent thing, though I fancy that the enormous increase in the numbers of men calling themselves skilled labourers would bring its own difficulties with it. It would be no harm, also, if we began at the top, after the German model, and instituted that every gentleman, as well as every poor man's son, should learn some trade while he is at school. Nearly all our schools have workshops, and it would only require an extension of these to give all our boys of all classes a training which in camp or Colonial life would be of service to them, and would also be useful if their future is to make them captains of labour. When a gentleman breaks down he falls lower than any working-man, for he has no last resource. He has not even handled a paint-brush, and cannot call himself a house-painter, which, I believe, is the most simple of all trades. To sweep a crossing is the fate of the destitute gentleman, who, had he learned a trade at school, might have been saved from dropping to this lowest depth. By all means let all our sons, gentle and simple, learn some trade at school.

### The Curse of the Tower of Babel.

The language question is a perpetual difficulty in all parts of the world where different languages are spoken under one flag. In Wales and in Ireland the language question still lingers belatedly, but Canada and the Channel Islands and the Mauritius all seem to have found a way out of the difficulty. In South Africa the language question just now is taking a very acute form, and General Hertzog, a stout old Dopper Boer, who is Minister of Education, is forcing General Botha's hand in the matter. General Hertzog, with an absolute disregard of the value of time which is one of the characteristics of the pastoral Boer, wishes that all school-children should be taught their lessons in both Dutch and English, the same lesson being given to the unfortunate scholars first in English and then in Dutch, or vice-versa. The sufferings of the unhappy infants by this burden are not, however, the cause of the acute feeling which has sprung up over the matter so much as the belief that, if this system is adopted, large numbers of British-born teachers at the Cape who cannot speak Dutch will be dismissed, and Dutch teachers who have some knowledge of English will be put in their place. Let us hope that General Botha will find a way

out of the difficulty, and that Boer-English will not become another variety of our much-tortured tongue.

### Italia Irredenta.

It would be curious if a war between Italy and Austria were to have its beginnings in the naming of a street in Rome, yet the action of the Roman Municipality in naming one of their streets after the fanatic Oberdank, an Irredentist who tried to assassinate the Austrian Emperor, must be a constant source of irritation to every subject of the aged and much-beloved Francis Joseph. A street-name, once painted up, somewhat resembles a national flag in that it cannot be taken down without disgrace. When the Cretans hoisted the Grecian flag, the representatives of the Great Powers had to shoot it away from the mast where it flew, for no Cretan could be found who would lower it. So, no doubt, it will be with the new name of the Roman street: if the Austrians are determined that it shall be changed, nothing but cannon-shots will effect this. We in England see in the new Dreadnought fleet of the Austrians a possible menace to our naval power in the Mediterranean; but the Italians, though they are nominally allies of the Austrians, foresee a day when their fleet of ironclads may have to meet the Austrian Dreadnoughts in battle on the Adriatic. Both Austria and Italy are massing men and guns on their frontiers. The movement may be merely precautionary, but that naming of a Roman street will rankle with the Austrians like a wasp's sting so long as it remains.



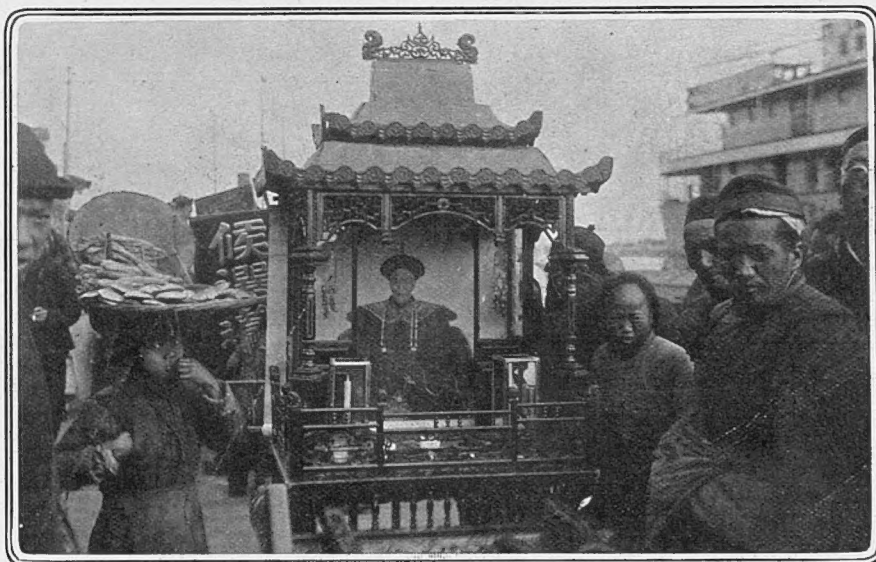
THE ARMOUR CASE: LORD AND LADY CHESTERFIELD ARRIVING AT THE LAW COURTS.

It will be remembered that Lord Chesterfield claimed a declaration that a sale of armour should be set aside and that the armour should be returned to him. He sold the suit to an art-dealer for £2000. Later, it was argued, this dealer offered it for sale for £12,000, a fact the defendant disputed, saying that he asked this "silly price" not wishing to sell to the would-be purchaser. Judgment was given for Lord Chesterfield.

Photograph by L.N.A.

### The Boy on Roller-Skates.

The boy on roller-skates rushing down the pavement is now in the limelight of public discussion owing to the death of a woman said to have been run into by a skater, and the remarks of a coroner on the subject. It would be hard on the ragged boys who have no money to pay for entrance to rinks, get infinite enjoyment out of an old pair of roller-skates, that their pleasure should be denied to them; but, in their excitement and the delight that comes of rapid motion, they are often quite unconscious that other people regard them as nuisances. One day this week, as I was walking along the street leading from Manchester Square into Oxford Street, two small boys on roller-skates were coming down the pavement at express speed. The one who was leading swerved to escape a girl coming out of one of the shops and ran into an old lady, who collapsed on the pavement. The second young skater collided with the girl, and himself sat suddenly on the flags. Nobody was hurt, though the old lady was considerably flustered; and the two boys skated on. But a very ugly accident might easily have occurred in this case, and timid ladies who are afraid to cross the road because of the rush of motor-cars may find that the streets also have a new terror in the skating boys.



CARRYING A PORTRAIT IN A CHAIR: A PICTURE OF A DEAD CHINAMAN IN A STATE SEDAN CHAIR.

Photograph by Topical Press.

FOR SALE

## CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.



a trifle as the defence of the kingdom before a fine game like golf.

Poor old Euclid is to be rehabilitated at last. He has been turned out of most of the public schools, but is now being recommended as one of the finest mental tonics for people with nerves. Tight-rope dancing will not be in it for sport compared with a "nervy" person scrambling about on the Asses' Bridge.\*

Suffragettes who are anxious, for political reasons, not to return their correct ages on April 1 had better spend the night in a Roman Catholic nunnery. That is said to be the only place into which no census-taker or inspector dare poke his impertinent nose in Merrie England.

Talking of the Census, there were many more women of twenty-five in 1901 than there were girls of fifteen in 1891. Twenty-five is evidently a very difficult bunker to get over.

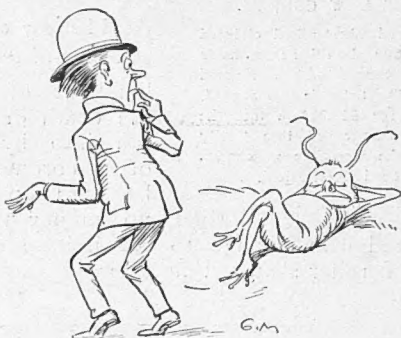
## THE KINDLY WASP.

(Miss Isaacson recently told the students at the Birkbeck College that the wasp is a beneficent insect.)

'Twas Mr. Bullen whose remark  
Anent the Ocean Nero  
Slapped whitewash on the toothy  
shark

And decked it like a hero;  
Now 'tis Miss Isaacson who drops  
Some splashes from a pail o'  
The same chaste fluid on the wops,  
And fits it with a halo.

When next a wops assaults my food,  
And perches on my butter,  
No maledictions gruff and rude,  
No curses shall I utter.  
I'll welcome it with gentle mien,  
And when its beak is tightly  
Wedged in a slab of margarine  
I'll—smash it most politely.



It has been laid down in the law courts that it is better not to disturb quiescent microbes. So when you see a microbe asleep by the wayside, take off your boots and go by on tiptoe, unless you know the latest dodge in glima.

When M. Henri Bernstein called his new play "Après Moi" he named it better than he knew, for ever since its first production half Paris has been "after him" with rapiers and motor-horns and other methods of persuasion.

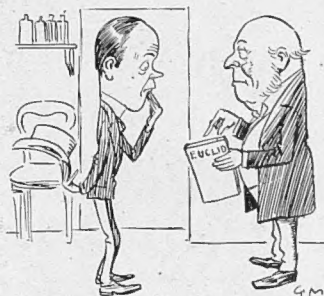
Advertisement is everywhere. Kaffirs pay extra prices for squeaky boots which make plenty of noise, on the principle that there is no pleasure in possessing something uncommon unless you can let everybody know it. It is the man with his first car who makes the most noise with his motor-horn.



MR. HALDANE states that several rifle-ranges have had to be closed because they interfered with adjacent golf clubs. It is very satisfactory to see that a great War Minister can be sufficiently open-minded not to place such

Polar-bear cubs and other natives of the Arctic regions die of cold in England. Explorers must have systematically overstated the below-zeroishness of the North Pole.

Naughty little boys and girls are no longer to be scolded or smacked till they are good, says a lady from Japan in the *Daily Mirror*. The stomach, which is the seat of the evil, should be well massaged. This is a complete reversal of Solomon's wisdom, and an adoption of the a priori instead of the a posteriori argument.

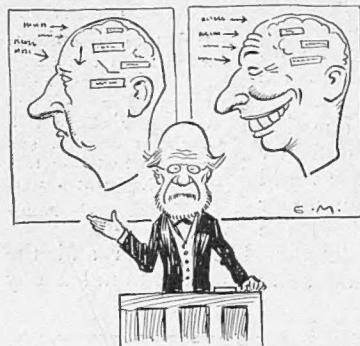


Fancy the headmaster saying in an awful voice, "Smith minor, if I have any more of this idleness and inattention, I shall severely—ahem!—massage your—ahem!—stomach."

Dr. Orville Owen, who is a brainy bud from Detroit, Mich., is digging in the bed of the River Wye at Chepstow to find the Bacon-Shakespeare secret. Shakespeare's own lines are not of good omen for the state—

Thrice from the banks of Wye  
And sandy-bottomed Severn have I sent him  
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

Mme. Pichon, wife of the ex-Minister for Foreign Affairs, said that if ever the jupe-culotte, or harem skirt, appeared at the Quai d'Orsay it would cause a Ministerial crisis. Unfortunately, Ministerial crises are so common in France that there was no time for a mannequin to try the experiment before the Cabinet had fallen.



The fleas which bite European rats will not bite human beings if they can find anything else to eat. This is not complimentary, but it is published by scientific authority to reassure us against the dangers of rat-borne plague.

Scientific explanation of a smile: "The brain, being moved to mirth, sends a message by the two phrenic nerves to the diaphragm; and the diaphragm then moves spasmodically,

with the result that the breath is expelled in short gasps—in most cases audibly, though some people laugh silently." Thanks. Ha! ha!

## VICARIOUS ROMANCE.

("It is the tragedy of plain women that they spend half their lives in seeing either pretty girls married or handsome men act. . . . 'Bardelys the Magnificent' is really quite exciting. But its chief quality is that it shows so splendidly to unloved women what a wonderful thing romance is."—*Daily Mirror*.)

"Romance brought up the nine-fifteen,"

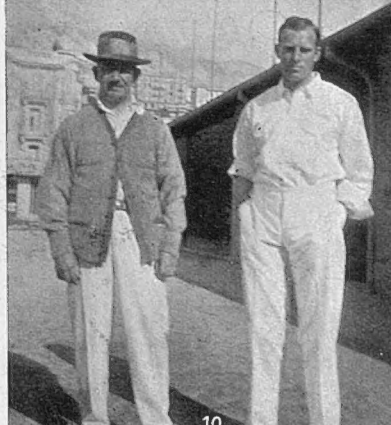
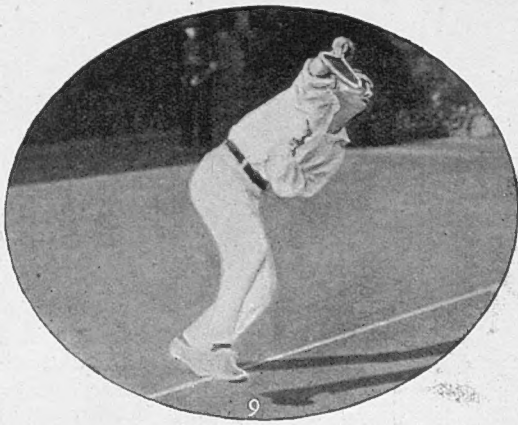
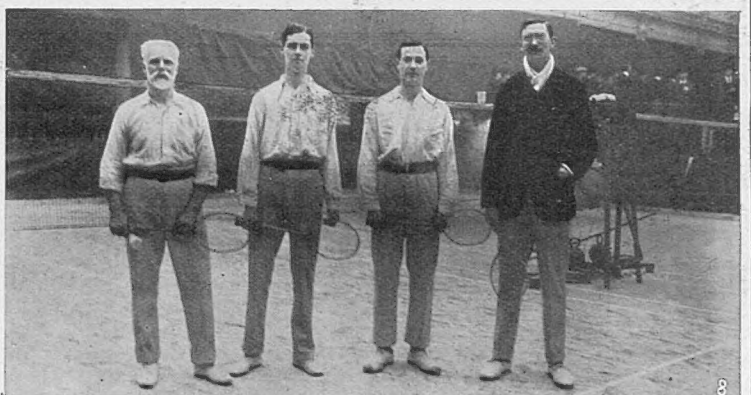
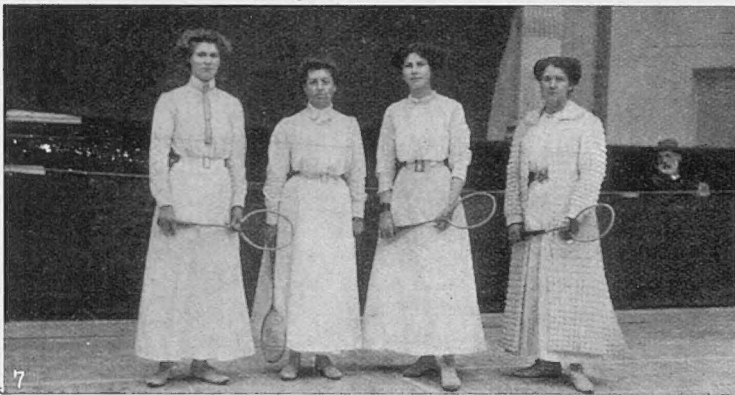
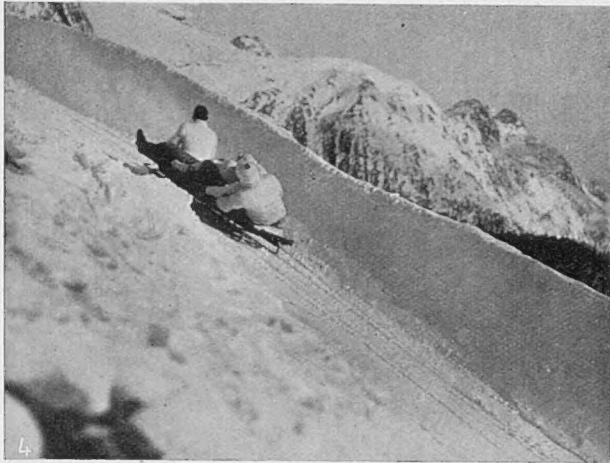
So Kipling sings,  
and every day  
This commonplace romance  
is seen  
Some twelve hours  
later at the play:  
When maids of this  
Metropolis,  
Unloved, but full of  
sentiment,  
Feast their sad eyes on  
Bardelys  
And Lewis the  
Magnificent.

Their lives are void of  
true romance,  
Not theirs to play the  
leading part,  
They only watch on  
sufferance  
The newly married  
couples start.

But still they have their  
hours of bliss,  
Those eager, rapturous  
evenings spent  
In watching gallant  
Bardelys  
And Lewis the Mag-  
nificent.



## SPORT—IN LONDON, ON THE RIVIERA, AND IN SWITZERLAND.



1. MR. JAMSETJI, WORLD'S CHAMPION RACQUET-PLAYER, WHO IS TO DEFEND HIS TITLE AGAINST C. WILLIAMS, THE ENGLISH CHAMPION, AND IS NOW IN THIS COUNTRY.
2. MISS FENTON, MAJOR H. C. C. GIBBINGS, SURGEON-GENERAL H. S. MUIR, LADY NOEL-WALKER, VISCOUNTSSE MOLESWORTH, AND LADY PERROTT AT THE OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL RIFLE CLUB IN CORK STREET.
3. MR. J. G. RITCHIE, WHO TOOK A PROMINENT PART IN THE MONTE CARLO INTERNATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT.
4. THE UP-HILL FINISH ON THE BOBSLEIGH RUN AT ST. MORITZ.

5. VISCOUNTSSE MOLESWORTH, WHO FIRED THE FIRST SHOT AT THE OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL RIFLE CLUB.
6. PASSING THE POST IN THE BOBSLEIGH DERBY AT ST. MORITZ.
7. MRS. SPECK AND MISS M. CHRISTIE (DEFEATED), MRS. WARD AND MISS HOWARD (WINNERS), THE FINALISTS IN THE LADIES' DOUBLES HANDICAP (CLASS B) IN THE ALL ENGLAND BADMINTON CHAMPIONSHIPS AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL.
8. MR. R. FRANCK AND MR. C. J. GREENWOOD (DEFEATED), MR. P. D. FITTON AND MR. E. HAWTHORN (WINNERS), THE FINALISTS IN THE GENTLEMEN'S DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIPS IN THE ALL ENGLAND BADMINTON CHAMPIONSHIPS AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL.

9. HERR BERGMANN, CHAMPION OF THE MENTONE LAWN-TENNIS CLUB, DELIVERING HIS FAMOUS AMERICAN SERVICE.
10. MESSRS. G. M. SIMOND (SECRETARY OF THE TOURNAMENT AND REFEREE) AND MR. A. F. WILDING, WHO BOTH PLAYED IN THE INTERNATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT MONTE CARLO.
11. HERR BERGMANN, WHO PLAYED IN THE INTERNATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT MONTE CARLO.

Photographs by Topical Press, Record Press, Central News, Sport and General, and W. G. P.

# SMALL TALK

NOT seldom the unnoted guest is tempted to add his name to the published lists: "Sir Thomas and Lady X were among those who attended the wedding, etc.," is a sufficiently familiar formula—a day late. Rarer are such announcements as those lately contributed to the papers: "Lord Carrington desires to contradict a statement that he was present at the glove-fight held at Olympia"; and "We are requested to state that the Earl and Countess Carrington and Lady Victoria Carrington were not present at Lady Radnor's ball." Lord Carrington surely should not be put to the trouble of making such corrections, the reason for which is not far to seek. There is no breach between Lord Carrington and the Ring, or between his ladies and Lady Radnor. The Carringtons are, of course, in deep mourning for Lady Carrington's mother, the Countess of Suffield, who died last month.

## The Single Archbishop.

Of course, the celibate and immaculate Archbishop enjoyed the joke more than anyone else. Somebody said it was absurd to put a bachelor

animated and amusing talk—at No. 35, Lowndes Square. The hostess both deserved and had her success; and the roar of conversation must have made music in her ears—the only music, by the way, of the Mondays. Sir Alfred escaped from the duller talk of St. Stephen's, and Mr. Markino made further ingenuous acquaintance with the manners of John Bullesses. Lady Meyer and Mrs. Mathias looked nearly as alive as their portraits by Sargent, and that is what very few Sargent sitters can succeed in doing. Other popular weekly parties are Lady Fairbairn's Sunday evenings at the Park View Hotel, and Mrs. "Lulu" Harcourt's Tuesday afternoons in Berkeley Square—so handy for Gunter's!

## Table Talk.

If Lent cries a halt to the waltz, the hard work of Morris-dancing remains one of the severest labours, and therefore penances, known to man. Weddings, of course, are in abeyance among churchy couples; and even dinners of another sort may, like Morris-dancing, be classed under hard labour. Mr. Austen Chamberlain,



ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED: MISS ROSA ANSTRUTHER GRAEME AND MR. DUDLEY D. LAMBERT.

Miss Graeme is a daughter of the late Captain Robert Graeme, 6th Royal Warwick, and of Mrs. Graeme. Mr. Lambert is a son of Mr. and Mrs. John Lambert, of Ellesmere House, Nottingham.—[Photographs by Langfieri.]



MISS NORA STOPFORD, WHO IS ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN E. S. DICKIN.

MISS MURIEL HOPE ATCHERLEY, WHO IS ENGAGED TO DR. HENRY HEMSTED.

MISS PHYLLIS HOLLAND, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. CHARLES MARTIN HICKLEY.

MISS HILDA MARY CLIVE, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. HORACE OPPENHEIMER.

MISS EVELYN MARGARET HASELFOOT, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. BURTON MONTROSE TAPLIN.

Miss Stopford is a daughter of the late Captain Horace Stopford and of Mrs. Stopford, of Hampton Court Palace. Captain Dickin is in the Queen's Bays.—Miss Atcherley, of Marton Hall, Salop, and Cyman, Flintshire, is the only daughter of the late Captain Atcherley, and of Mrs. Vernon, of The Grange, Oswestry. Dr. Hemsted, of Purewell Hill, Christchurch, is the sixth son of Dr. H. Hemsted, of Whitchurch, Hants.—Miss Holland is the second daughter of the late Mr. William Gaskell Holland and of Mrs. Holland, of Gell-y-Vorwyn, Talycain, North Wales. Mr. Charles Martin Hickley, of the Sudan Civil Service, is the youngest son of the late Admiral H. D. Hickley.—Miss Clive is the only daughter of Mr. Robert C. Clive, J.P., and of Mrs. Clive, of Gravenhunger, Woore, Newcastle, Staffs. Mr. Oppenheimer is the third son of the late Mr. David Oppenheimer.—Miss Haselfoot is the elder daughter of the late Frederick Kneller Haselfoot, of the Inner Temple, and of Mrs. Haselfoot, of Queen's Court, Hove. Mr. Taplin, District Commissioner, the Gold Coast, is a son of Mr. Terence Kells Taplin, formerly of Armagh, Co. Antrim.—[Photograph No. 1 by Lallie Charles; Nos. 2, 4, 5, by Val l'Estrange; No. 3 by Ellen Macnaughten.]

on the Divorce Commission; and the reply came from the chartered libertine of wit—"Oh, but he represents the co-respondents." Seriously, the theory of direct representation could hardly be applied to a Commission of the kind, or we should have on it real co-respondents and, for the rest, only men and women who have been divorced. John Bright, by the way, thought that Labour and all other class representation in Parliament was quite as foolish as this would be—as foolish as the contention that he who drives fat oxen must himself be fat.

## Mond-days.

Lady Mond's four Mondays (of course, called Mond-days by her friends) made talk—and very



ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED: MISS MADELINE BROWNRIGG AND MR. FRANCIS BACON.

Miss Brownrigg is the eldest daughter of Colonel H. Studholme Brownrigg, late of the Rifle Brigade, of 55, Drayton Gardens. Mr. Bacon is the younger son of Mr. Francis Bacon, of Earlstone, Newbury.—[Photographs by Val l'Estrange and Kate Pragnell.]

for example, was the guest of the Royal Navy Club yesterday; the Medical Society of London dines to-night, the Royal Colonial Institute on the 14th, the International Arbitration League on the 17th, the Worshipful Company of Pewterers on the 23rd. Such functions hardly violate the lugubrious character of the Forty Days. Mr. George Wyndham, too, entered very speedily upon the observance of the penitential season; for, last Thursday, he dined in the Party interest at Hammersmith Broadway. These feasts may well rank as fasts, when a speech means for certain an indigestion; and they almost justify the programme of the gentleman who boasted that he never worked between meals.

## LOSER OF A SUPERB THREE-STRAND BLACK-PEARL NECKLACE.



MRS. MALDWIN DRUMMOND, FORMERLY MRS. MARSHALL FIELD JUN. (NÉE HUCK).

Considerable sensation was caused the other day when it was reported that Mrs. Maldwin Drummond had lost £25,000 worth of jewels, including a superb three-strand black-pearl necklace of 273 or 283 perfectly matched pearls. It will be recalled that Mrs. Maldwin Drummond inherited £200,000 from her first husband, the late Mr. Marshall Field jun. Her two sons and her daughter by this marriage will inherit under their grandfather's will a fortune estimated at £50,000,000. Mrs. Drummond's maiden name was Albertina Huck. She is now making her first visit to the United States since her second marriage, two and a half years ago.

*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*

# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE only daughter of the Kaiser will meet the only daughter of the King in May. Princess Victoria Louise has often already journeyed to England in the spirit, but her visit in the flesh has been delayed till near her twentieth year; and she now comes very curious to discover if the city of fact tallies with the city of her fancy. She will bombard the Tower and the other strongholds of historic memories with the closest investigations, for she is known to be primed in our history with the thoroughness that is the characteristic of her nation. In Germany her name is already associated with the revival of ancient folk customs, and particularly with certain interesting marriage rites. It has been hinted that a royal ball will be given in her honour in

the line of scholarship. He has many curious possessions of his own, but nothing that pleases his antiquarian eye so gaily in the springtime as the flower-

many examination-papers. Now he has set one. The questions in the current *Cornhill* on "Alice in Wonderland" and Lewis Carroll's other books are of his devising. Lord St. Cyres has dug deep in history; and at Oxford he created quite a cult for Fénelon, Pascal, and other French theologians and thinkers. He digs elsewhere, too. "Unskilled agricultural labour," is his answer to the contemporary biographer's query about his recreation. If there were potatoes in Portman Square he would, no doubt, be digging in that enclosure while his friends went galloping for a breakfast appetite in the Row.

*Night Hospitalers.* Artists will soon be again rummaging among their studio properties for costumes becoming to themselves and their friends.



WELL KNOWN AS SUPPORTER OF "VOTES FOR WOMEN": LADY CONSTANCE LYTTON.

Lady Constance Lytton is the second sister of the Earl of Lytton. Her sisters are Lady Elizabeth Balfour and Lady Emily Lutyens.

*Photograph by Bassano.*

bed at Ditchley arranged in the shape of the Dillon coat-of-arms.

*Portman Square's Possibilities.*

Lord St. Cyres, who is at 6, Portman Square with Lord and Lady Iddesleigh and the Ladies Northcote, has solved several problems in his day, and encountered



VISCOUNTESS HOOD (FORMERLY MISS PRIMROSE STAPLETON-COTTON).

Lady Hood's marriage took place last week in the private chapel of Lambeth Palace. Lord Hood is the 5th Viscount.

*Photograph by Rita Martin.*



WIFE OF THE PLAINTIFF IN THE ARMOUR CASE: LADY CHESTERFIELD.

Lady Chesterfield, whose wedding took place in 1900, was the Hon. Enid Edith Wilson, daughter of the first Baron Nunburnholme.—[*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*]

London; but more in accordance with her humour would be the sight of Mr. Cecil Sharp's Morris-dancers.

*Coming Events.* Coronation "fixtures" are being entered day by day. The Shakespeare Fancy Dress Ball is far from being the only festivity of the night of June 20. Particularly pretty will be the Bal Poudré, given by the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn in their own Hall. Gray's Inn for that night will be the Inn of the gray-headed. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire have promised a resplendent finish to Derby Day at Devonshire House, and Lady Farquhar is also in the running with a ball. The Earl and Countess of Derby have secured one of the most interesting "numbers" on the June programme—the after-theatre supper and ball that will be attended by the King and Queen in Coronation week.

*Lord Dillon's Justification.* The plaintiff, his lady, and all his witnesses in Lord Chesterfield's suit looked notably well groomed; and Lord Dillon, at any rate, spoke lordlily: "My opinions are facts," he said, with his well-known emphasis, and, of course, somebody laughed. But why? An authority on monumental brasses, on Bibles, and on the Dillons, he has been a soldier and a President of the Society of Antiquaries. He has by no means locked up his knowledge in the Tower, where he is Curator of the Armouries, but has helped to bring the popular pageants of the last few years into



MISS KOCH, WHO HAS "COME OUT" THIS YEAR.

Miss Koch is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Koch, of 1, Belgrave Square. Her parents are entertaining a great deal this season.—[*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*]

The Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours are arranging for a ball on May 22, in aid of the Italian Hospital and under royal and noble patronage. But it is the Shakespeare Fancy Dress-Ball (approved by the King) that promises most of all the picturesque. Shakespeare should give sufficient scope to the most ambitious of revellers; and, anyway, the ever-ingenious youths of Chelsea can dress themselves up in scenery. They are capable of emulating the courage of their own old man who applied for work as model. "Well, what would you sit for?" asked the painter. "Oh, anything, Sir," answered the old man, fingering his long and wintry beard nervously. "Anything you like, Sir. Landscape, if necessary."

*Music Only.* "To meet his Excellency M. Wassily Safonoff." That is the legend on the card issued by Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Meredith for their evening party at the Broadwood Rooms in Conduit Street on Friday. Mr. W. M. Meredith is the only surviving son of the novelist, and the feature of the evening, as the place of meeting suggests, will be a musical performance. That hostess is a hostess indeed who can provide her guests with music of her own composing, and such is the happy faculty of Mrs. Meredith. The 'cello, the flute, and the clarinet will aid the interpretation, and "No talking" will be as welcome a *mot d'ordre* in this instance as the "No music" has been among lovers of conversation brought together this season by other hostesses, Lady Mond leading.

# DIGGING TO PROVE THAT BACON WROTE SHAKESPEARE:

DR. ORVILLE OWEN'S EXPLORATIONS IN THE BED OF THE RIVER WYE.

*William Shakespeare William Shakespeare*



*William Shakespeare William Shakespeare*

1. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXPLORATION SHAFTS SUNK IN THE BED OF THE WYE IN AN ENDEAVOUR TO PROVE THAT BACON WROTE SHAKESPEARE.

3. DR. ORVILLE OWEN LOOKING INTO No. 7 SHAFT.

2. DR. OWEN BETWEEN SHAFTS 7 AND 8, THE LATTER JUST BEGUN.

4. THE DIGGINGS FLOODED BY NEAP TIDES THE OTHER DAY—ILLUSTRATING THE DIFFICULTIES UNDER WHICH THE SEARCH IS BEING CONDUCTED.

Dr. Orville Owen, the American who discovered in the works of Shakespeare the Bacon cipher which, he declares, proves that Bacon wrote not only the Shakespeare plays, but Spenser's "Faery Queen," the works of Marlowe, Greene, Peele, and Sir Phillip Sidney, and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," is now conducting a search in the bed of the river Wye. He believes that he will find buried there proofs of his contention. It is understood, indeed, that he expects to find the original manuscripts of the plays, diaries of Bacon and the story of Bacon's birth, all buried by Bacon himself. He is one of those who think that Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth. He works on such clues as the fact that the line "It was for gentle Shakespeare cut," which appears in the first folio edition of Shakespeare, opposite Shakespeare's portrait, can be transformed into "Seek sir f (for) a true angle at Chepstow." Dr. Owen is carrying out his search by permission of the Duke of Beaufort, who owns the bed of the river.

# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

**The New Satire.** "Loaves and Fishes" is very funny in patches, big patches, but rather too extravagant to be a satire: that seems about a fair verdict or judgment upon Mr. Maugham's new play at the Duke of York's. If it were all as clever and light as the scenes between the mercenary Canon and the charming widow—represented fascinatingly by Miss Ellis Jeffreys—it would be a masterpiece. If all the passages were as telling as the one in which Miss Florence Haydon exhibited very skilfully the vulgarity of old Mrs. Railing, the house would have grown weary with laughter. It would not be fair to refer to these matters as oases, but there were some bald spots in between—notably in the love affairs of the Canon's uninteresting daughter, though her Socialist lover was well played by Mr. Thomas Holding. Still, the entertaining Earl Spratte, full of good sense, and his humorous way of pulling the Canon's leg made up for a good deal—thanks in part to Mr. C. M. Lowne's very able performance. Miss Viva Birkett contributed a pleasant note of prettiness to the play, yet gave an unhappy ending to the piece in the idea that she was going to marry a middle-aged monster of selfishness and vanity. Poor Mr. Robert Loraine had a thankless task as the Canon, in which there was a good deal of repetition that may have been cut by now. He acted it very ably; but the egregiously vain Canon would have been a bore in real life, and despite all Mr. Loraine's skill and sense of character, he was a little tedious at times.

## "The Merry Wives."

Undoubtedly the revival at the Garrick is very well done, and caused a great deal of laughter, and will amuse numbers of playgoers. It is perhaps permissible to the critic, whilst reserving an opinion as to the possible stage effect of the piece if given as a whole, to say that he has never found a stage version of it very entertaining. It is interesting historically as a study of what people thought comic at a time when ideas of humour differed vastly from ours; but looking at the play on the stage, one can hardly help asking oneself what would be said of it if presented as a new work written in our times. I know very well, but perhaps it is wise to be silent. Mr. Oscar Asche is quite an excellent Falstaff; not, of course, the unrealisable Falstaff of our dreams, for his charm is due to the fact that we feel him to be unreal and fanciful, but a Falstaff with a big voice, a merry face, large movements, and clever by-play. Miss Lily Brayton plays Mistress Ford brilliantly, and with a great deal of the infectious gaiety of Miss Ellen Terry. Indeed, she is so charming that the idea of her union with the contemptible Ford is almost painful. He was capitably acted by Mr. Grimwood. Miss Bessie Major's acting as Mistress Quickly was one of the best things of the evening. The rest of the company was very good—indeed, there was hardly a weak place.

## Gilbert's New Play.

Sir William Gilbert at the music-halls—not, of course, as an actor, but as a dramatist—that is the latest development! And Sir William as the author of a grim, realistic, almost photographic study of a hooligan on the morning fixed for his execution for murder; there's a novelty! He has done his work very well. Perhaps he has failed to give the conceivable note of imagination that might turn his piece into a fine work of art, but it is very strong and painfully true. Mr. James Welch's performance as Nat Solby was magnificent—just sufficiently restrained to avoid being horrible, yet intensely vivid and almost astonishingly true. It was not surprising that the huge audience at the Coliseum gasped.



"IN DEFIANCE OF THE CENSOR": "SALOME," AT THE COURT.

The New Players, describing the performance as given "in defiance of the Censor," produced Oscar Wilde's "Salome" last week. Miss Adeline Bourne was the Salome; Mr. Arthur Wontner, the Iokanaan; Miss Edyth Olive, the Herodias; Mr. Herbert Grimwood, the Herod Antipas.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

band the secretary of a Society of Public Education, thereby concealing from the keen eye of the Russian censor an attack upon Government departments; but we in England are allowed to know what is meant. The part was most cleverly played by Mr. Charles Maude; and Mr. James Hearn, Mr. Kinsey Peile, and Mr. Edmund Gwenn gave excellent support to the brilliant performance of Madame Yavorska.

M. Bernstein.



THE AUTHOR OF "APRÈS MOI": M. HENRI BERNSTEIN HOLDS A CONSULTATION.

As we note on our "Literary Lounger" page, the presentations of M. Bernstein's "Après Moi" have been attended by disturbances made by Royalists and anti-Semites. Amongst those shown in the photograph are Mlle. Maille, who plays Henriette (second from the left); Mlle. Gabrielle Robinne, who plays Solange de Pavie (third from the left); M. Bernstein (third from the right); and M. Jules Claretie (second from the right).

See "Literary Lounger" Page. Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

## Oscar Wilde's "Salome."

Oscar Wilde's "Salome" is not a play that will be seen often, nor is it desirable that it should, in spite of its verbal beauty. It is simply an essay in the extravagantly morbid, which no amount of literary skill can justify; but that is, of course, no reason why it should not be played occasionally as a curiosity, for the aberrations of genius are of interest. The performance organised by the New Players at the Royal Court Theatre had many points of merit. Miss Adeline Bourne was a little harsh as Salome, but in the quieter passages played with beauty and feeling. Miss Edyth Olive was an admirable Herodias; and Mr. Herbert Grimwood delivered Herod's lyrical rhapsodies with considerable effect. On the whole, it was a discreet and able performance of a somewhat difficult and unpleasant task.

*Combined Beauty.—II. "Gaiety Theatre" Girls.*



"GAIETY" GIRLS AND THE IDEAL "GAIETY" GIRL: PORTRAITS AND A COMPOSITE PORTRAIT.

With this page of illustrations, we continue our series, "Combined Beauty." Following the same principle as before, the artist gives portraits of five popular young actresses who have been seen upon the Gaiety stage, and a head, composed of salient points of beauty of these ladies, which he describes as a composite portrait of the ideal "Gaiety" girl.

DRAWN BY R. G. MATHEWS.

# STAR TURNS

MR. GEORGE GRAY.

TO be born with a silver spoon in one's mouth and to swallow it, or else to have it forcibly removed when one is twelve years of age, is not pleasing. It was, however, the fate of Mr. George Gray, who found himself compelled to go to work when so young a boy because of financial reverses in his family, which had been well-to-do. Had things happened otherwise, he might have been at the Bar or in the pulpit, for his father hoped he would go into the law, and his mother hoped he would go into the Church. Perhaps Mr. Gray regards both desires as having been gratified, for, as he humorously puts it, he has lived in the Law Courts all his life and he has played in "The Fighting Parson."

He was only fifteen when, having bought a comic song, he took to the music-halls, where he was billed as the "Pocket Comique," as he was exceedingly small. From the halls he drifted back to the theatre, and was for three years with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. His engagement with them was the result of a practical joke, which those distinguished actors (who have so recently retired, to the unspeakable loss of the British stage) will now probably learn of for the first time. It happened that Mr. Gray was writing some comic songs with Mr. G. P. Huntley, who was then a member of the company which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were rehearsing to play "The Silver Shell" at the Avenue Theatre; and one day he went down to the theatre to talk to Mr. Huntley about the work. In one scene there were several conspirators, played by supers, who, at the rehearsal, were called on the stage, one by one, and instructed in what they had to do by Mrs. Kendal. As Mr. Gray stood talking by the side of the stage to Mr. Huntley, Mrs. Kendal called for the next super. In jest, the stage-manager pushed Mr. Gray on to the stage through the door of the scene which was set, and bolted the door from the back. Before he could expostulate, Mrs. Kendal saw him. He was wearing a brown hat. "Now, then, you with the brown hat," she said, "what you have got to do is this."

She showed him exactly what she wanted done, and added, "Now go off the stage and come on and do it." Mr. Gray went off the stage. As soon as he had done so, he asked the stage-manager what he meant by fooling in that way. "For heaven's sake, go on and do it, or you'll get me the sack," said the stage-manager, who realised that the joke had gone farther than he intended—for it is one thing to jest with an actor, and quite another to involve the manager in the jest. Mr. Gray went back and did what he had been shown. "Splendid!" said Mrs. Kendal, taken with the apparent skill of the practised hand, as Mr. Gray finished and made his exit. "Why can't they all do it like that?"

Off the stage the whole company were laughing with amusement at the episode, but Mr. Gray went off somewhat nettled at the incident. The next morning, however, his feelings changed, for, to his surprise, he received a letter from the stage-manager asking him to go down to the theatre, as there was an important part which he thought he could give him. He went. He read it at the rehearsal, and Mrs. Kendal was so pleased with the reading that

he was at once engaged for it. The way he played it paved the way for other parts, and finally he went with the company to America. There he played Scum Goodman, one of the most showy parts in "Clancarty." In his great scene in the yard of a prison Scum Goodman is hounded by a lot of men whom he has betrayed. In Chicago, for some reason, the supers who played these men put so much "vim" into their acting that, several times, they actually broke blood-vessels in the back of Mr. Gray's mouth and throat.

Mr. Kendal noticed the blood. When asked the reason for it, Mr. Gray told him how he had been treated. Mr. Kendal suggested that he should retaliate on the supers. Strong of muscle and so skilled with his fists that he used often to tackle the prize-fighters at fairs for fun, Mr. Gray took Mr. Kendal at his word. Next night, when the supers went for him he went for the supers. When Mr. Kendal, as Lord Clancarty, went on to rescue Scum Goodman from the infuriated mob, only three supers of that mob were standing up. Mr. Kendal remonstrated. "Well," said Mr. Gray, "you told me to go for them." "Yes," replied Mr. Kendal; "but I didn't tell you to kill them all!" After that night's experience those supers realised that the ardour of their attack on Mr. Gray might be moderated with advantage to themselves, and they moderated it accordingly.

In consequence of his wide acting experience in the country, Mr. Gray was able to go on at short notice for any part in the Kendal repertoire. When Mrs. Kendal found that he could invariably be relied on to fill any emergency, she used always to call him "Whiteley." One night, when "A White Lie" was in the programme, the "heavy man," who was supposed to sing before the curtain went up, was found at rehearsal to be too hoarse to do so. "Whiteley," said Mrs. Kendal, "you will have to sing that song to-night."

"Is it a comic song?" asked Mr. Gray, who had already sung in musical comedy as well as in pantomime. "No," said Mrs. Kendal emphatically. "Then I'm afraid I can't," said Mr. Gray, "for I don't know any ballads." Mrs. Kendal got out a portfolio of songs and turned it over. She came to "In Old Madrid." "Ah!" said Mr. Gray. "I have heard that on the barrel-organs." "Very well," replied Mrs. Kendal, "that is what you sing to-night." He did. He sang it so well that the public demanded an encore, and the curtain went up with the "heavy man" bowing his acknowledgments to tumultuous applause, while Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, on the stage, were shaking with laughter.

After leaving the Kendals, Mr. Gray returned to pantomime, and, later, was engaged at the London Pavilion for fifteen consecutive weeks. About eight years ago, he dramatised Frith's well-known pictures, "The Road to Ruin," and took the sketch to the manager of a London music-hall, who gave Mr. Gray the opportunity of trying the piece. It was an instant success; and for eight weeks the hall played to packed business. Mr. Gray went on a provincial tour, and then returned to London with the manuscript of "The Fighting Parson" in his pocket. The manager shied at the idea of a church scene in a music-hall; but Mr. Gray pointed out that church scenes were very common in the regular theatre. The result was, the manager booked the sketch. "The Fighting Parson" created a furore, and Mr. Gray played it at that hall for twenty-two weeks. Mr. Gray has been playing "The Fighting Parson" for eight years on and off. Now he is playing "Parson Gray, V.C.," which seems likely to emulate the success of the previous sketch.



PLAYING MISS LILY ELSIE'S PART IN "A WALTZ DREAM" DURING THAT POPULAR ACTRESS'S ILLNESS; MISS GLADYS GUY.

All were extremely sorry to learn the other day that Miss Lily Elsie had been operated upon for appendicitis, and, a little later, were equally pleased to hear that she was progressing satisfactorily. In Miss Lily Elsie's enforced absence, Miss Gladys Guy is playing her part in "A Waltz Dream."

Photograph by Bassano.

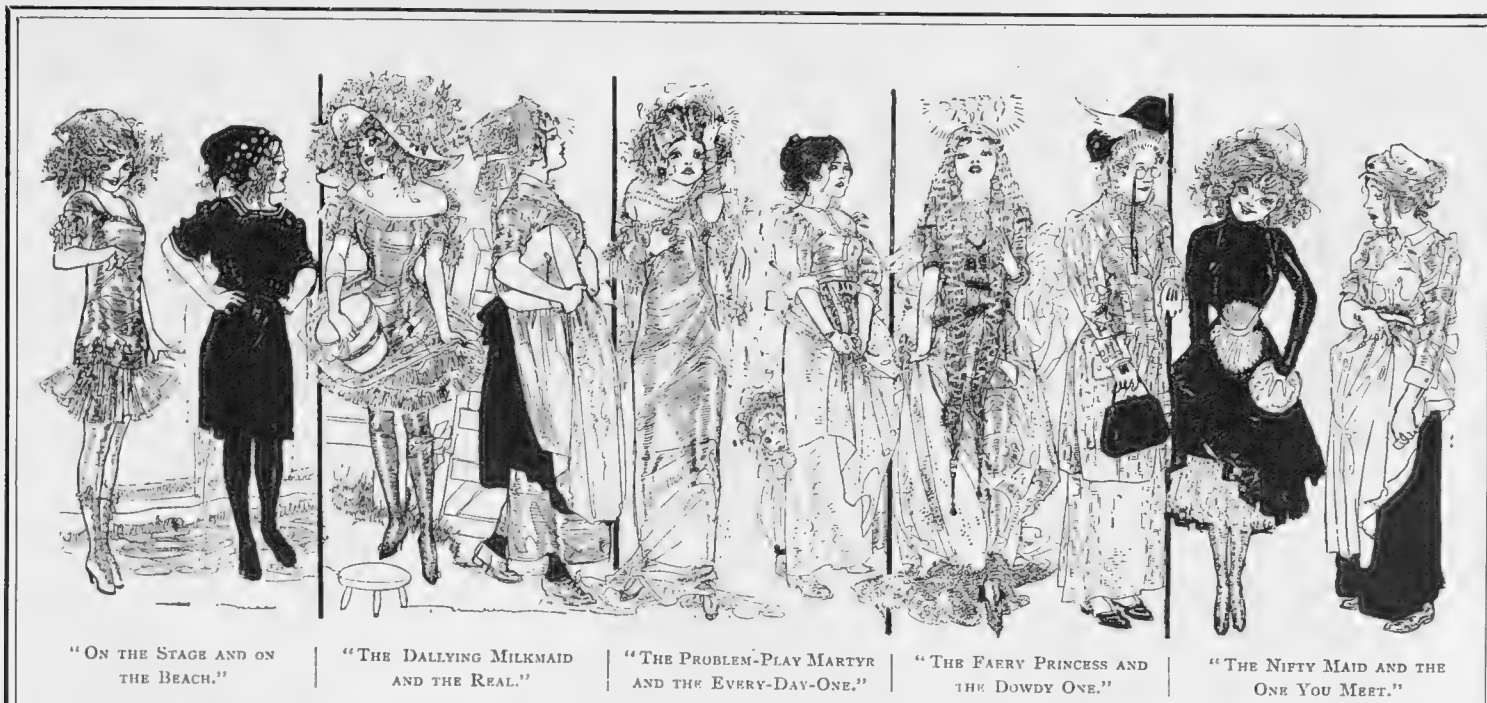


APPEARING IN MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY'S SKETCH AT THE HIPPODROME; MRS. LANGTRY, WHO IS PLAYING IN "THE RIGHT SORT."

"The Right Sort" is a compressed version of Mr. Grundy's "The Degenerates," a play which, it will be recalled, Mrs. Langtry produced at the Haymarket about twelve years ago.

# NELL BRINKLEY GIRLS: THE RAGE OF AMERICA.

## I.—“ON THE STAGE AND IN REAL LIFE.”



“ON THE STAGE THE WAITRESS IS CHIC AND FRENCHY, WITH DAINTY WAYS, SHORT SKIRT, AND AN APRON THE SIZE OF A POSTAGE STAMP. SHE HANDLES HER TRAY WITH GRACE AND POISE AND IS A DELIGHT TO THE EYE, BUT BRINGS NO SUBSTANTIAL COMFORT TO THE HUNGRY MAN OR WOMAN.”



“THE WAITRESS IN REAL LIFE IS ALSO A DELIGHT TO THE EYE, ALTHOUGH SHE IS A TRIFLE MORE SUBSTANTIAL THAN HER FELLOW OF THE STAGE. SHE MAY NOT HANDLE HER TRAY WITH AIRY GRACE, BUT WHEN SHE HANDLES IT TO GOOD PURPOSE SHE BRINGS JOY TO THE HEART OF THE HUNGRY.”

We begin here the first of a series of pages we shall devote to the Nell Brinkley girl—to studies, that is to say, by Miss Nell Brinkley, the twenty-two-year-old artist whose work has had for some time an enormous vogue in the United States. Everyone across the herring-pond has been speaking of her creations, and they are seen not only in print but on the stage, in vaudeville and in musical comedy. It will be recalled that some while ago we published a portrait of an actress made up as a Brinkley girl. We have retained Miss Brinkley's own descriptions of her drawings.

DRAWN BY NELL BRINKLEY.

# WHAT'S UP-AT CAMBRIDGE

By THE EDITOR OF "THE GRANTA."

**Another Butler!** Mr. J. R. M. Butler, of Trinity College, whose portrait accompanied these notes a fortnight ago, has now completed his career as far as medals and prizes are concerned. The Chancellor's Medal having been won, "Jim" Butler looks in vain for new worlds to conquer; but the achievements of this remarkable family do not end here. Before the eldest son of the Master of Trinity has left the University, a second son appears. At the beginning of the academic year, in October last, Mr. G. K. M. Butler came up to Trinity, and he has already started upon a course which promises to be scarcely less brilliant than his brother's. In matters of scholarship we expect great things from a Butler, and it is rumoured that G. K. M. will justify these great expectations. At the Union, moreover, he has already made his mark. His command of language, and his easy, pleasant manner in speaking are strangely reminiscent of the earlier speeches of his elder brother. At the end of his first term, he was elected a member of the Union Committee, and there is little doubt that he will in time achieve the Presidency. The story does not even end with Mr. Gordon Butler, for there is yet another brother at school, and he, too, is thought worthy to maintain these high traditions.

## The Lent Boat-Races.

The Lents were very early this year. They took place in the week ending Feb. 18, in exceptionally good weather. The races were chiefly remarkable for the extraordinarily keen contest between First Trinity and the Lady Margaret Boat Club (St. John's College). At the beginning of this year's racing, L.M.B.C. I. was second on the river, and First Trinity I. was third. The first day, First Trinity bumped Lady Margaret; the second day, Lady Margaret bumped First Trinity; on the third day, First Trinity again went up; and on the fourth and last day, Lady Margaret regained her original position. It was fine work on both sides, and a drawn battle was, perhaps, the happiest issue possible. Jesus remains head of the river for the seventh year in succession; its position was scarcely disputed by the second and third boats, which were fully occupied in the duel between themselves. Pembroke I. made four bumps, and ended up in the fourth place on the river—it might have gone ahead if the races had continued for three more days. First Trinity II. is in the fifth place—a remarkable position for a second boat, and dangerously near her elder sister and the five pounds' fine, for this sum is paid as a penalty if two boats of the same club bump one another.



PRESIDENT OF THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CLUB: MR. P. J. BAKER, OF KING'S.

Mr. Baker won the mile at the recent Cambridge University Sports in 4 min. 30.2-5 sec., and the half-mile in 1 min. 58 sec. Cambridge will probably rely on her President for both the mile and half-mile against Oxford.—[Photograph by Topical.]

for this vital comedy. By the way, the *Cambridge Review*—"our maiden aunt," as the *Granta* always calls her—has just been celebrating her eight hundredth number; and an excellent literary

## Drama and Journalism.

The Marlowe Dramatic Club displayed the courage and taste which we have been led to expect from it in selecting "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" for representation this term. Beaumont and Fletcher would have been proud of this choice if they had been alive—or rather, Beaumont would, for, according to Rupert Brooke, in the *Cambridge Review*, he alone must be held responsible



A PLAYER FOR CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY AGAINST SUNNINGDALE: MR. J. F. IRELAND.

Sunningdale gained an easy victory over Cambridge recently at Sunningdale, by eight matches to two. The two Cambridge winners were Messrs. H. Gardiner Hill and L. H. Alison.

Photograph by Sport and General.

supplement, containing contributions from past editors, was included in our sixpenn'orth, to mark the occasion. She is an admirable and vigorous old lady, although her partiality for sermons is a little trying for the younger generation. The *Granta* and the *Review* have long been on the friendliest terms, and together they seek to cater for all reasonable palates. There are, of course, some people who find the *Review* too dull and the *Granta* too frivolous; but these are the men who find their pleasure in criticism and their solace in complainings.

## Hockey.

As all the world knows, Cambridge scored a well-deserved and brilliant victory in the Inter-University hockey match at Beckenham on Wednesday, Feb. 22. In spite of the heavy rain on the Tuesday, the ground was in excellent condition, and the game was a real trial of strength. Mr. A. C. B. Bellerby, of Emmanuel, the ex-President of the Athletic Club, assisted his college to win the final of the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Competition by carrying off the high jump on the 20th; and was on the top of his form at back in the hockey match on the 22nd. Cambridge will miss Mr. Bellerby when he leaves us in the summer to take up his appointment as games master at his old school; but this is a place of constant change, and we must submit to our losses, and wish all good things to those who move along the road out into the world.

## Matters Academical.

The appointment of Dr. Verrall as the first Professor of English Literature in Cambridge University is a matter which cannot be passed over even in these unorthodox notes. Dr. Verrall is an inspiration and a delight to his hearers, and anyone less like a dry and crusted don cannot be imagined. His reading is different in kind, as well as in degree, from anyone else's, and his vivid treatment of Browning and Tennyson in a recent course of lectures, or rather, of dramatic monologues, makes us look forward with real enthusiasm to his professorial work. Writing about this unconventional Professor recalls the fact that three other merry, uncontrollable scholars have been creating a sensation by their vigorous controversy on "The Origin of the Olympic Games." Professor Ridgeway began it by writing a book which that splendid heretic, Miss Jane Harrison, challenged at a meeting of the Classical Society; and now Mr. Cornford, a young man in a hurry, has plunged into the fray. It is a battle of giants.

## Nearing the End.

It is a melancholy thought that we are nearing the end of another term. Eight weeks are really scarcely sufficient for a Cambridge term. For the first three weeks we are busily occupied in settling down and getting things under way. For the middle fortnight we are hard at it, and the time slips by, and then we suddenly realise that the term is over and plans must be made for the vacation. The system has the advantage of variety—we are not given time to get stale; but it is a jumpy business. Perhaps the deciding factor, when the terms were arranged, was the Cambridge climate; no one really breathes in this atmosphere, so when we have used up the air we bring with us, we have to go away for a fresh supply.

HAROLD WRIGHT.

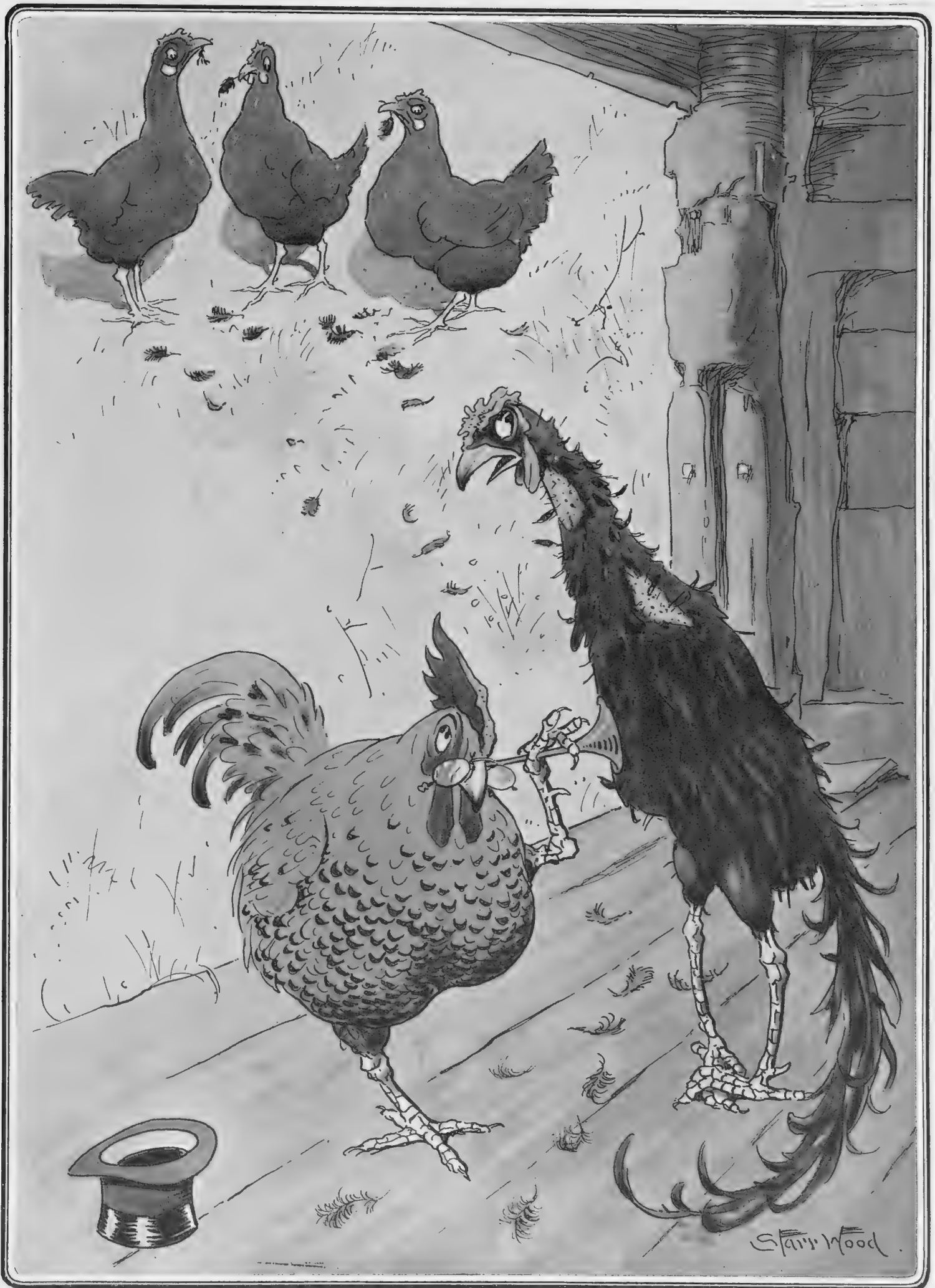


CAPTAIN OF THE HOCKEY TEAM WHICH BEAT OXFORD AT BECKENHAM: MR. S. H. STEVENS, OF CORPUS. Cambridge beat Oxford in the twenty-second of the series of hockey matches by four goals to one. Of the matches played, Cambridge has won ten and Oxford nine. Three were drawn.

Photograph by W. G. P.

THE PECK OF TROUBLE.

FOR 8



THE DOCTOR: Say "Ninety-nine."

THE HENPECKED ONE (after a trio of flights): No fear! Three are enough for me.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

PROBABLY no one who reads at all escapes the charm of the French memoir. It is feminine in its grace; the good fare is as assured as that of a man's dinner-party; it is always essentially and intensely human. So the Marquis de Castellane will have his English audience very pleasantly anticipative for what he has to say of "Men and Things" of his time. The men were mostly celebrities of a celebrity that was European; the things, high matters of religion, policy, or State, fall into the fortissimo note quite naturally on that central event of his life, the Franco-German War.

At twenty-five years of age he signed his voluntary enlistment in the French army before one of Napoleon the Third's Prefects, and wrote in his diary: "I—I to come to the aid, in however small a measure, of the murderer of my country!" The brave, not to say swaggering, departure of his *Moblots* (nickname for the Volunteers) from Paris, and the slow, sickening revelation of their futility, of the futility of their cause and of their leaders, which unfolded along the snowy, wind-swept roads as they marched to meet hunger and exhaustion, but never the Prussians, is told in short entries made on the spot. An early one runs: "We start to-morrow morning! What do we know? All that there is to know: marching, shooting, charging! That is enough, in any case, to lick those cads of Prussians as they deserve!" Presently: "Tours . . . for ten days . . . without budging! . . . What a rotten task!" And, "We were ordered to cover Beaugency; they began by making us evacuate it. . . . The thing is a mystery! The Prussians had only to walk in"—until after marching, retreating, dragging to and fro, he exclaims: "What has come over my dear *Moblots*, but a few days since so gay, so wide-awake, so brave? . . . And not a morsel to put between our teeth! And this snow, which keeps one renewing one's winding-sheet!" At last came the armistice, and the National Assembly, of which he was a member, sitting at Versailles, "still warm from

contact of the German Emperor," and deliberating, to the accompaniment of federal guns which thundered behind the fortifications of Paris.

The Marquise de Castellane, his mother, was Talleyrand's grand-niece, brought up under his eyes and by his care. And this probably explains why the fatherless little Marquis lacked none of the discipline befitting his sex and station. "My son," said the Marquise, "Monseigneur Dupanloup will teach you religion, honour, and polite literature: all, in short, that goes to make a gentleman." No self-respecting "general" of to-day would tolerate that school's menu for a week; nor would a Barnardo Home permit such toilet arrangements. "Water? Little, if any! Just a small hand-basin in which we dipped the end of our towels, and a few old fragments of soap, which we passed lightly over our hands. All this once a day, while once a month only

to the satisfactory development of children than a state of cleanliness, I cannot help remarking that, dirty young pigs though we were, it was just we who, a few years later, in 1871, gave proofs of endurance and vigour worthy of the heroic age." And as for the instruction, "what has the opposite method given us? A generation of literary men, obscure in style, weak in phrasing, incapable of rounding off a sentence." Well, well!

From seven to eighteen this was his environment, and then came his mother's salon. The Marquis has theories about salon-keeping. The salon must be central, must be always open, must have a good table. The Marquise met all three requirements: being too delicate to go out herself, her door in the Rue de Grenelle was never closed, and her table—well, it was founded on no less a reputation than that of Talleyrand's great chef. Here the author saw the great ones of France—and others, for the Empress Augusta of Germany was a personal friend. Of her he has a pleasant tale. He met her in '78, by his mother's request, at Ouchy, to escort her to Évian. Seeing a detachment of French *pioupious* in their blue tunics and red trousers: "Poor dear little soldiers!" cried she, greatly touched. "I haven't seen them since 1871!" "And so much for German tact," thought the Frenchman.

A review "of a few celebrities whom I knew well" is headed by Talleyrand, whom the Marquis never saw or knew save through his mother. But she had imbibed his spirit, and she raised her son in it. It was to her, the child he loved, to whom Talleyrand wrote, in the midst of great affairs, of the care of her mouth, her teeth, her skin. Liszt, that "madman of genius," the author knew intimately in Rome. Liszt had just taken minor orders, and wore a short cassock and violet stockings. "Our Lord, as often happens in such cases, had received the reversion of Liszt's love for Princess Wittgenstein."

And, finally, with the last section, "World and Half-World" (which surely might have stood "Monde and Demi-Monde" over pages where "cocodette" and "cocotte" appear in their own French), he sighs: "In 1863, when I made my entrance into Society, there was a Society to enter. . . . But, 1900! Cosmopolitanism triumphant! Everything is seen in Paris: nigger kings, cannibals—everything except a society." To this have come the vibrant shades of Monarchism, the hatred of the Empire, the ardour of Catholicism which hung about his young manhood. Too devout for humour, and too loyal for cynicism, nothing remains to him but a great rage that this should be so: like a high-spirited, generous child asking of a sordid world the charm and poetic justice of the old fairy-tales.



THE AUTHOR OF "THE LIMIT",  
MRS. ERNEST LEVERSON.

Mrs. Leverson's new book, "The Limit," has just been published by Mr. Grant Richards. The author will be remembered as writer of "Love's Shadow."

Photograph by Rita Martin.

were we admitted to the very great honour of taking a footbath." The education was religiously dogmatic and purely classical. "Yet," reflects the Marquis, who is nothing if not a pessimistic conservative, "without pretending that a state of filth is more suited



THE AUTHOR AT THE PRODUCTIONS OF  
WHOSE NEW PLAY AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE  
DISTURBANCES HAVE BEEN MADE: M. HENRI  
BERNSTEIN, WRITER OF "APRÈS MOI."

Presentations of M. Henri Bernstein's new play, "Après Moi," at the Comédie Française, have been made the occasion of a number of Royalist and anti-Semite disturbances, M. Bernstein being a Jew. It is said that a number of duels will result. One of the reasons given for the action of those protesting is that M. Bernstein has confessed that he fled to Brussels before accomplishing the full period of his military service in France. M. Bernstein, in a letter to the "Matin," said: "It is true I deserted from the Army, I did that thirteen years ago. I did not escape two years' military service, as has been falsely asserted; I went away four months before the time of my liberation, and I did not go alone. . . . In a word, I yielded to the madness of a young man. The amnesty of 1900 enabled me to return to France. The very day it was promulgated I returned, and I placed myself at the disposal of the military authorities. A month after I had joined the Army again I was dispensed from further service on account of my ill-health. There is my story. I do not try to palliate the gravity of the fault I committed, but I can say that I have cruelly expiated it." It is understood that Mr. Arthur Bourcier will produce "Après Moi" in London.

Photograph by Boissonnas and Tapouier.

\* "Men and Things of My Times." By the Marquis de Castellane. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

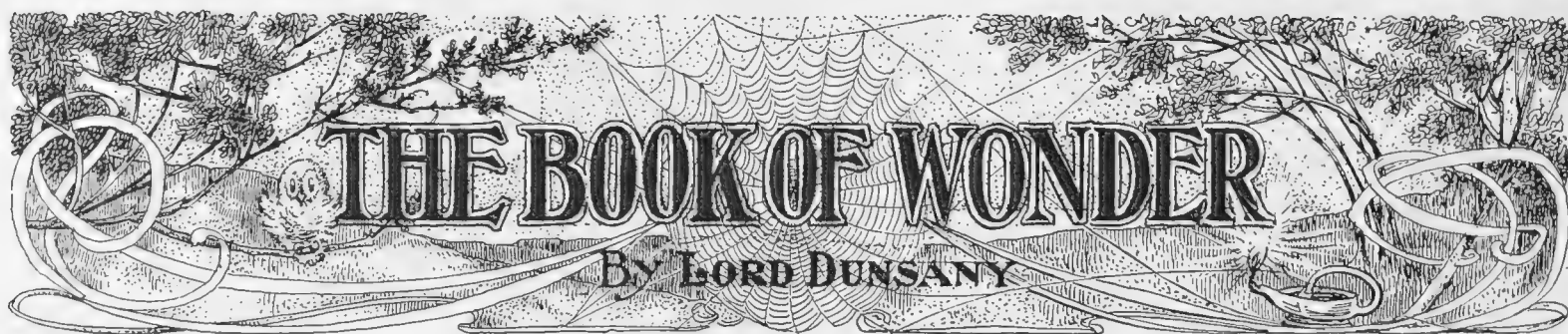
2D. PARTICULAR.

FOR SALE



THE SCOUT - MASTER (*with much severity*): You were found asleep at your post. In time of war such an offence is punishable by death. For the second time, I shall fine you twopence.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



*Author of "A Dreamer's Tales," etc.*

## EPISODE XII.—MISS CUBBIDGE AND THE DRAGON OF ROMANCE.

LITTLE upon her eighteenth birthday thought Miss Cubbidge, of No. 12A, Prince of Wales's Square, that before another year had gone its way she would lose the sight of that unshapely oblong that was so long her home. And had you told her, further, that within that year all trace of that so-called square and of the day when her father was elected by a thumping majority to share in the guidance of the destinies of the Empire should utterly fade from her memory, she would merely have said in that affected voice of hers, "Go to."

There was nothing about it in the daily Press, the policy of her father's party had no provision for it, there was no hint of it in conversation at evening parties to which Miss Cubbidge went: there was nothing to warn her at all that a loathsome dragon with golden scales that rattled as he went should have come up clean out of the prime of romance and gone by night (so far as we know) through Hammersmith and come to Ardle Mansions, and then have turned to his left, which, of course, brought him to Miss Cubbidge's father's house.

There sat Miss Cubbidge at evening on her balcony, quite alone, waiting for her father to be made a baronet. She was wearing walking-boots and a hat and a low-necked evening-dress, for a painter was but just now painting her portrait, and neither she nor the painter saw anything odd in the strange combination. She did not notice the roar of the dragon's golden scales, nor distinguish above the manifold lights of London the small red glare of his eyes. He suddenly lifted his head, a blaze of gold, over the balcony; he did not appear a yellow dragon then, for his glistening scales reflected the beauty that London puts upon her only at evening and night. She screamed, but to no knight, nor knew what knight to call on, nor guessed where were the dragon's overthrowers of far, romantic days, nor what mightier game they chased or what wars they waged: perchance they were busy even then arming for Armageddon.

Out of the balcony of her father's house in Prince of Wales's Square, the painted dark-green balcony that grew blacker every year, the dragon lifted Miss Cubbidge and spread his rattling wings, and London fell away like an old fashion. And England fell away, and the smoke of its factories, and the round material world that goes humming round the sun vexed and pursued by time, until there appeared the eternal and ancient lands of Romance lying low by mystical seas.

You had not pictured Miss Cubbidge stroking the golden head of one of the dragons of song, with one hand idly, while with the other she sometimes played with pearls brought up from lonely places of the sea. They filled huge haliotis shells with pearls and laid them there beside her; they brought her emeralds which she set to flash among the tresses of her long black hair; they brought her threaded sapphires for her cloak: all this the princes of fable did and the elves and the gnomes of myth. And partly she still lived, and partly she was one with long ago, and with those sacred tales that nurses tell, when all their children are good and evening has come, and the fire is burning well, and the soft pat-pat of the snowflakes on the pane is like the furtive tread of fearful things in old, enchanted woods. If at first she missed those daily novelties among which she was reared, the old sufficient song of the mystical sea singing of faery-lore at first soothed, and at last consoled her.

Even she forgot those advertisements of pills that are so dear to England; even she forgot political cant and the things that one discusses and the things that one does not, and had perforce to content herself with seeing, sailing by, huge gold-laden galleons with treasure for Madrid, and the merry skull-and-crossbones of the pirateers, and the tiny nautilus setting out to sea, and ships of heroes trafficking in romance, or of princes seeking for enchanted isles.

It was not by chains that the dragon kept her there, but by one of the spells of old. To one to whom the facilities of the daily Press had for so long been accorded, spells would have palled—you would have said—and galleons after a time, and all things out of date. After a time. But whether the centuries passed her, or whether the years, or whether no time at all, she did not know. If anything indicated the passing of time, it was the rhythm of elfin horns blowing upon the heights. If the centuries went by her, the spell that bound her gave her also perennial youth, and kept alight for ever the lantern by her side, and saved from decay the marble palace facing the mystical sea. And if no time went by her there at all, her single moment on those marvellous coasts was turned, as it were, to a crystal reflecting a thousand scenes. If it was all a dream, it was a dream that knew no morning and no fading away. The tide roamed on, and whispered of mystery and of myth; while near that captive lady, asleep in his marble tank, the golden dragon dreamed; and a little way out from the coast all that the dragon dreamed showed faintly in the mist that lay over the sea. He never dreamed of any rescuing knight. So long as he dreamed it was twilight; but when he came up nimbly out of his tank night fell and starlight glistened on the dripping, golden scales.

There he and his captive either defeated Time or never encountered him at all; while, in the world we know, raged Roncesvalles or battles yet to be—I know not to what part of the shore of Romance he bore her. Perhaps she became one of those princesses of whom fable loves to tell; but let it suffice that there she lived by the sea: and kings ruled, and Demos ruled, and kings came again, and many cities returned to their native dust; and still she abided there, and still her marble palace passed not away, nor the power that there was in the dragon's spell.

And only once did there ever come to her a message from the world that of old she knew—it came in a pearly ship across the mystical sea; it was from an old school friend that she had had in Putney, merely a note, no more, in a little, neat, round hand: it said, "It is not Proper for you to be there alone."

[Here the twelfth episode of the "Book of Wonder" endeth, and here the relating of the Chronicles of Little Adventures at the Edge of the World. I take farewell of my readers. But it may be we shall even meet again, for it is still to be told how the gnomes robbed the fairies, and of the vengeance that the fairies took, and how even the gods themselves were troubled thereby in their sleep; and how the King of Ool insulted the troubadours, thinking himself safe among his scores of archers and hundreds of halberdiers, and how the troubadours stole to his towers by night, and under his battlements by the light of the moon made that king ridiculous for ever in song. But for this I must first return to the Edge of the World. Behold, the caravans start.]



*The Ills that Flesh is Heir To.* FOR SALE



757121

1.—THE CO'D IN THE NODE.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

# "UMPS AND 'OLLERS": THE MOUNTAINS OF MID-SURREY.



## CHANGING THE "FLATNESS" OF A FAMOUS LINKS: ALTERATIONS ON THE MID-SURREY COURSE.

It is announced that the Professional Tournament for £240 will be held in October on the Mid-Surrey course (we quote the "Times"). . . . The competitors will have a very different course to play over than they had in 1904 and 1908, since by the autumn hills in an almost continuous chain will rear their heads upon ground which was once as flat as a pancake. . . . These grassy mountains and their corresponding dells, familiarly known from the description of a labourer employed upon them as "'umps and 'ollers," will certainly do a great deal for Mid-Surrey. . . . There have been few more interesting experiments than this making of mountains on a plain.

*Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Topical.*

# THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN

ONLY a few weeks ago, on heavy lands, hunting-men were suffering from the abundant wet, banks were greasy and dangerous, soddened ploughlands took the spirit out of all but the best horses, and drove those who cannot afford more than a single hunter to restrict their activities. But February told a different tale by the time it had pursued the first half of its brief course: going improved immensely, as far as the horses were concerned, but fine, clear days, sometimes refreshed by a fair breeze, were fatal to scent. It would not lie, and the huntsman was constantly in trouble, while the experts and the amateurs who take themselves seriously were busily debating the vexed questions that arise when nobody seems to be quite sure if hounds are working intelligently or are in need of assistance. From the standpoint of the farmer it is better that the going should be bad and the scent good than that the reverse should be the case, for it is imperative to kill down the foxes now before scent fails altogether with the advent of milder days and spring flowers. Last year was a good one for the vixens: cubs were very plentiful in

most parts of the country, and every hunting man knows that, if the thinning process is not carried out to the fullest reasonable extent by the hunt, it will be accomplished with far less discrimination by those to whom the fox is an enemy. I have even heard this fact given as an excuse for digging out a beaten fox, though this procedure must always give a great measure of offence to those who are good sportsmen, and believe that if the fox can beat the field and get to ground after a long run it should be left to enjoy a respite from its enemies. Moreover, good foxes are scarce, and Reynard who has given one good run may give others

## HEREDITARY BARON OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE, BARON DE FOREST.

Baron Maurice Arnold de Forest, created a Baron of the Austrian Empire in 1899, is authorised to use his title in the United Kingdom by Royal License dated 1900. In 1904 he married the Hon. Ethel Catharine Gerard, daughter of the second Baron Gerard. He contested Southport in the Liberal interest last year.

Photograph by Jerome.

before his fate meets him in the open, and he dies as a bold fox should.

The campaign against rats proceeds apace, but there is a growing feeling that the rate of progress must be quickened if the necessary results are to be obtained before milder weather sets. Mrs. Rat breaking her own records in the matter of fecundity. Only a few days ago, I visited the extensive out-buildings of a farmer who had been telling me with unconcealed pride that, since the rat club was formed in the district some four months ago, he had trapped, ferreted, and shot rats at the rate of half-a-dozen a day. He had been threshing some stacks, and by surrounding them with wire-netting and employing his willing terriers, had broken all previous records. But while we were going the round of the granaries, I noticed several flaws in his defences—small holes here and there in the woodwork, large enough to admit an army of rats if they were content to enter singly. I called his attention to these holes, and he told me that he intended



A SISTER-IN-LAW OF SIR RUFUS ISAACS: MME. LEA PERELLI.

Mme. Perelli, here shown as Carmen, in which rôle she made her operatic début with the Beecham Opera Company, sang the other day at a charity matinée at Mr. Otto Beit's house in Park Lane. She was most successful.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



TO DECEIVE THE MOTHER: PUTTING THE SKIN OF A DEAD LAMB ON ANOTHER LAMB, THAT THE EWE MAY THINK THE LATTER HER OWN.

Photograph by Sport and General.

to have them all closed as soon as he had the time; but for the moment his people were too busy with the threshing and the spring sowing to get any leisure for "outside work." There is no reason to doubt that the countless rats he has not succeeded in killing visit the granary every night and feast merrily at his expense. Then they go off to increase and multiply, to replenish their corner of the world, and, unless the farmer is very careful, to subdue it. The ravages of four months can be restored by the legions of rats in the same time or less, and until men will learn that it is not enough to kill stray rats, the danger from a plague visitation will be very real indeed. Just as long as the vermin can find food it is a grave menace; as soon as granaries, corn-bins, and stores of all kinds are in rat-proof buildings man will get the upper hand. Woodwork will not avail to keep rats out, unless it is of great thickness, and has a liberal coating of tar, renewed at short intervals. Corrugated iron and plate glass seem to be the only substances that avail to check the activities of a healthy and hungry rat, and as soon as the community has come to the conclusion that the local food-supply is really and truly beyond its reach migration follows, and the place of *mus decumanus* knows him no more.

Cock pheasants are very much in evidence just now. At the back-end of January, when there was a price upon their lives and every sportsman thought he deserved well of the countryside if he brought an old cock or two to bag, they emulated the example of Brer Rabbit—they lay low and said nothing. Now, safe from the gun, they are to be found on all sides; two were fighting lustily in my orchard the other morning, not fifty yards from the house, and I often see others stalking through the plantations in all the pride of their glittering plumage. The soberly clad hens are far less conspicuous; they have not forgotten the experiences of big days when they passed over the guns, and will squat, rather than fly, if you come near them.

Partridges are all paired now, though I saw coveys as late as the middle of February. They, too, regard with an indifference not far removed from contempt mere man, who in the next few months will be doing what little he can to give them security and a small measure of comfort. Perhaps they know he will be acting for selfish ends. But partridges have small reason to complain; they have been dealt with very lightly in the season that has just come to an end. "We are not shooting partridges this year, Sir," was the only recognition I received from the head keeper for the best right and left I had during the winter, when a covey came hard over a plantation from which pheasants were being driven in January last.—MARK OVER.



THE CHIEF OFFICER OF THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE: LIEUT. S. SLADEN.

Lieut. Sladen, who entered the Navy in 1882 and became Lieutenant in 1892, resigned the service in 1899, on being selected for appointment in the London Fire Brigade, of which he became Chief Officer in 1909. His commission as lieutenant in the Royal Navy was restored in 1904, on his volunteering to serve in case of war or emergency. He was born in 1868.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



By HENRY LEACH.

**Golf and Science.** Little wonder that golf is the great game that it is. There can be nothing like it, for there is no other that attracts the attention and study of the greatest scientists in the way that golf does. In the antics of the golf ball as it flies through the air, and the causes of them, they find a subject for the deepest research, and they have been baffled by them as nothing else has ever baffled them. Long years ago the late Professor Tait, father of the champion amateur golfer of that name, who was killed in the South African War, made an intensely close study in a mathematical way of the flight of the golf ball, and what caused its peculiarities and its variations. He worked out yards and yards of mathematical calculations, which included most of the letters of the English and Greek alphabets squared and cubed and multiplied many times over, and he made extraordinary machines for testing some of his points. In the spirit of the old antiquary, he exclaimed, "At last I have found it!" He found that a golf ball could not be driven beyond a certain distance, no matter who hit it or how. But his son, Lieutenant Fred Tait, went out on to the course and hit one much further. He first broke the news gently to his mother and brother. The great Scottish professor gave it up at the finish. It was too much for him.

Professor Sir J. J. Thomson.

Since those days, no qualified scientist attempted to fathom the mysteries of the flight of these balls we drive until Professor Sir J. J. Thomson, one of the most distinguished physicists of the day, did so; and I have just been pondering again upon that remarkable paper of his which he read before the Royal Institution a short time ago, when it attracted so much attention. I like Sir Joseph Thomson on this subject better than I did Professor Tait. He brings out fewer mathematical formulæ demanding that the ball in the air shall conform to them, the ball refusing. He goes further, is more conclusive and more convincing, and his experiments and analogies are most interesting. But it is an intricate subject, for all that, and it needs hours of study for an appreciation of it. The diagrams on this page show where, according to him, the ball is intended to go, and where it would go in varying circumstances. The Professor has made a special machine for directing a draught of air on to a stationary but spinning ball, and observing results under certain variations; for he points out that the forces are the same when the ball is moving and the air at rest as they are when the ball is at rest and the air is moving. He has also invented an arrangement

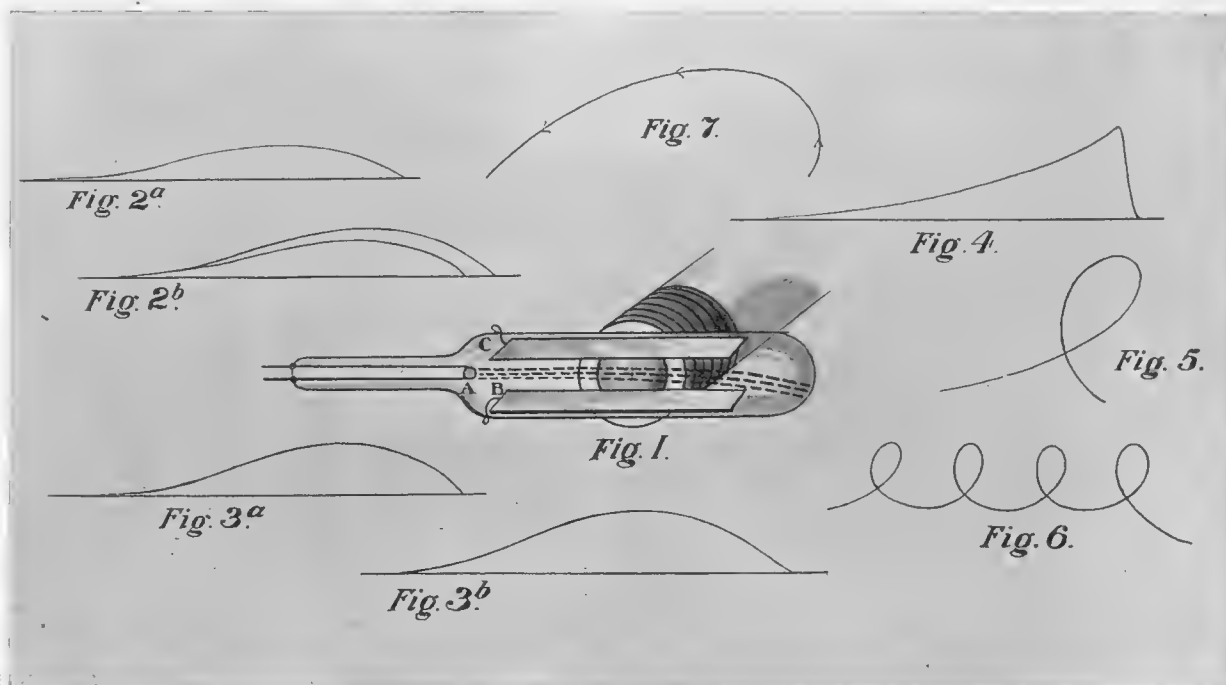
which in the illustration looks like a tuning-fork applied to the end of a walking-stick, which he says might be called an electric golf links. This is a very wonderful thing, for it indicates the changes in the flight of the ball as the amount of its spin changes. With this apparatus the Professor subjects small particles to forces of exactly the same type as those which act on a spinning ball. They start from a "tee A," which is a red-hot piece of platinum with a spot of barium oxide upon it; and the platinum is connected with an electric battery which causes negatively electrified particles to fly off the barium and travel down the glass tube in which the platinum strip is contained, nearly all the air being exhausted from this tube. These particles are luminous, so that the path they take is very easily observed. Having, so to speak, got the golf balls off from the tee, a vertical force is made to act upon them, corresponding to gravity, and this is done by horizontal plates above and below, which are electrified by connecting them with an electric

battery, the one above being electrified negatively, so that, as the Professor explains, when one of the particles moves between the plates, it is exposed to a constant downward force, quite analogous to the weight of the ball.

**Awful Possibilities.**

By increasing one of his forces the Professor obtains a type of flight which, as he says, has not yet been observed in a golf ball, but which would be produced if we could impart more spin to it than we are able to do at present (my italics). There is a kink in

the curve, and at one part of the flight the particle is actually travelling backwards. Professor Tait discovered this possible kink, but Sir Joseph Thomson, by turning on more force and making more spin, obtains several kinks in succession, the ball taking a kind of spiral path, and then he says, "We have a type of drive which we have to leave to future generations of golfers to realise." I hope it will not be realised in our time. It would be too horrible. Of course, all the peculiarities of flight come from the spin. The Professor applies the club to the ball, and shows how it is made in different varieties. "If we could send off the ball from the club as we might from a catapult, without spin," he says, "its behaviour would be regular but uninteresting," and he adds at the end of his sentence that it would have a comparatively short carry. Sometimes we would not mind the uninteresting flight, but we bar the short carry, and therefore, with all its fearful complications in results, we make the best of the spin, and the great scientists ponder upon it while we sorrow.



1. The "Electric Golf Links": The "Tee A." 2a. The Path of a Ball Without Spin. 2b. The Path of a Ball with a Small Spin and (above) that of a Ball with More Spin. 3a and 3b. The Path of Balls with Still Greater Spin. 4. The Path of a Ball with even More Spin. 5. The Path of a Ball having "More Spin than we are Able to Do at Present." 6. The Path of a Ball after "A Type of Drive which we have to Leave to Future Generations of Golfers to Realise." 7. The Path of a Ball with so much Spin that, if so driven, it would Fly Back behind the Tee.

THE EFFECTS OF SPIN ON A GOLF BALL; REMARKABLE DEMONSTRATIONS OF THE PATHS TAKEN BY BALLS WITH VARIOUS STRENGTHS OF SPIN MADE BY PROFESSOR SIR J. J. THOMSON WITH THE AID OF HIS "ELECTRIC GOLF LINKS."

The "Scientific American," quoting a recent address by Sir J. J. Thomson, says: "The path of the golf ball takes very many interesting forms as the amount of spin changes. We can trace all these changes in the arrangement which I have here, and which I might call an electric golf links. With this apparatus I can subject small particles to forces of exactly the same type as those which act on a spinning golf ball. These particles start from what may be called the tee A (Fig. 1). This is a red-hot piece of platinum with a spot of barium oxide upon it; the platinum is connected with an electric battery which causes negatively electrified particles to fly off the barium and travel down the glass tube in which the platinum strip is contained; nearly all the air has been exhausted from this tube. . . . we must now introduce a vertical force to act upon them to correspond to the force of gravity on the golf ball. . . . you see now when the particles pass between the plates their path has the shape shown in Figure 2a; this is the path of a ball without spin. I can imitate the effect of spin by exposing the particles while they are moving to magnetic force." Beginning with a weak force, Sir J. J. Thomson then showed the different paths taken by balls under different strengths of spin (2b, 3a and 3b, 4, 5, and 6).—[By Courtesy of the "Scientific American." See Article.]

# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

## Record Honours for Napier Cars.

To annex the Dewar Trophy and the Gold Medal of the Royal Automobile Club in one year is a triumph indeed, hitherto unprecedented in the annals of automobilism. Yet it is this good fortune, albeit attained by merit, which has fallen to the Napier cars—one, a 65-h.p. six-cylinder, for the most meritorious performance in connection with the long-distance trials held during any one year under the regulations and observation of the Club; and the other, a 30-h.p. six-cylinder Napier, for the best monthly official trial during 1910. The Dewar Cup was awarded for a top-gear non-stop run from London to Edinburgh and back, starting at all times on top gear, July 7 to 12, with a finishing gallop over a flying half-mile at Brooklands at a speed of 76.042 miles per hour. The petrol consumption for the full 799 miles worked out at 19.35 miles per gallon—a remarkably economical run, when the bore and stroke of the engine and the weight of the car are considered.

## Previous Dewar Awards.

The Dewar Challenge Trophy, presented to the R.A.C. by Sir Thomas Dewar, M.P., was first awarded in 1906, when Messrs. Dennis Brothers, Ltd., of Guildford, became the holders in respect of a most praiseworthy long-distance trial of a 20-h.p. Dennis car, four thousand miles being covered. In 1907, the famous six-cylinder Rolls-Royce "Silver Ghost" covered 15,000 miles in magnificent style; and, upon being taken down, an expenditure of something under three pounds was found all that was necessary to rehabilitate it as good as new. The following year, 1908, the trophy, if, like several other famous British cups, it did not go to America, fell to an American car, being awarded to the Anglo-American Motor-Car Company, Ltd., in respect of the standardisation test of three 10-h.p. Cadillac cars. In this case, the three cars were completely dismantled down to the last split pin, all the parts pieced, and three fresh cars built up haphazard from the heap. The three newly assembled cars were then run, and run most successfully, a long distance on the Brooklands track. Standardisation could no further go. In 1909 the cup went to the Daimler Motor-Car Company, Ltd., in respect of the unparalleled performance of two new Daimler sleeve-valve engines entered for a 132-hours continuous test on the bench and a subsequent run of 2000 miles on Brooklands track.

## The Simplest Spare Rim and Tyre.

In my notes last week I suggested that the Michelin emergency rim would prove the simplest, surest, and cheapest thing of the kind yet offered to the automobile public. And since I have inspected and tested the device, I am bound to say that I based my suggestion on

fact. The entire device is so devoid of complication that one is lost in amazement that it was not invented long ago. But, curiously enough, it is the outcome of a more complicated, though perfectly practical and proved conception, and that is the Michelin twin rim, which I described some time ago. The emergency rim is like an ordinary rim, carrying its inflated spare tyre in the usual way, but it has special features of its own.



THE JUPE-CULOTTE AS THE DRESS FOR AIRWOMEN: THE HAREM SKIRT FOUND MOST APPROPRIATE FOR THE FLYING LADY.



WHEN THE "HAREM" DOES NOT SCARE 'M! THE JUPE-CULOTTE FOR AIRWOMEN. Even those who do not believe in the jupe-culotte for ordinary wear will agree that it is appropriate garb for the airwoman on flying bent, and will not be scared when she wears it: the freedom it gives is very valuable on such an occasion.—[Photograph by Topical.]

## The Humber in France.

The war is to be carried into the enemy's country with a vengeance. By that I must be taken to mean that one of our leading makes of car, the Humber, is to be put on the French market *au grand sérieux*. An enterprising gentleman, named Maurice de Cleves, possibly a descendant of that Anne who found Mr. Bouchier—I mean Henry VIII.—so great a trial, has secured the sole representation of this Coventry production for France, and will establish selling agencies all over the country. He will handle the 12-h.p. only, and expects to be able to offer that model at a price which will compete most satisfactorily with the best French cars of about the same calibre. If the bold venture proves successful, it will not be the first time that a Humber production has gained the favour of our volatile neighbours. Fifteen or more years ago, the Frenchman—or Frenchwoman, for the matter of that—who desired to be thought in the first flight would ride nothing else but a *Hombare* bicycle in the Bois.

## A National Council.

That the suggested National Automobile Council may come directly into being is a consummation devoutly to be wished. Too much and too long have we suffered from divided counsel and overlapping effort. But order out of some chaos appears at hand if Mr. Julian Orde's foreshadowing remarks at certain motor-club functions lately have any foundation in fact. The idea is that a council shall be formed of representatives of the Royal Automobile Club and its associated clubs, the Scottish and Irish Automobile Clubs, the lately merged A.A. and M.U., the Auto-Cycle Union, the Institute of Automobile Engineers, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, and the Commercial Motor Users' Association. In this wise, all phases and interests of the sport, pastime, and industry would be represented, and could approach authority with ten times the weight and effect that would follow the representations of any single association. The Motor Press particularly has long urged some such rapprochement, and had it existed in pre-taxation days, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would not have found motorists so complaisant as he was assured they were by certain legislators who only represented their own party-tinged views.

(Continued on a later page.)

# CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

**The Lincoln.** The training-grounds are very busy places just now, the preparation of horses that are required for early spring engagements being in full swing. It is many a year since we went through the winter practically without interruption from severe weather, so that those trainers who favour the flat-race season when it is young will have had little or no trouble in keeping the animals they require on the move. As regards the Lincolnshire Handicap, it seems that from one point of view, if from no other, Mr. Sievier's Helot will be a success—that is to say, he will be absolutely fit. Since this son of St. Serf came under the charge of Duller he has been kept at it, not only at home but once

usually run over from three to three-and-a-half miles—roughly, one-and-a-half and one mile short of the National distance. As there is no other public, and probably no private, course comparable with that at Liverpool for uncompromising fences, why not allow Grand National horses the use of the Liverpool course for, say, a week before the great race? This idea—it may be deemed fantastic and impracticable—is suggested by the procedure in golf. When a big contest is about to take place, the particular course chosen is allowed to be used for practice by intending competitors. Then why not let "National" horses practise over the Aintree fences, say, in the week preceding the decision of the race?

**A Lean Season.** The National Hunt season, which suffers from a lack of public interest from the end of March onwards, attracts more support in the month named than at any other period. We seldom see anything new in the shape of jumpers after the National Hunt Steeplechase until the following autumn and winter. Up to now the present season has been somewhat lean in the matter of high-class steeplechasers and hurdle-racers. Taking the minor branch first, we have not seen half-a-dozen really good hurdlers introduced to the game. Montreal is possibly the best of them, although many are still of opinion that, but for blundering, Himan would have beaten him at Hurst Park. My opinion is that Montreal is decidedly the better. Whether he is a really good one cannot be stated with any certainty, for he has not, beyond Himan, beaten anything of much account. Master Mine made a promising début (but he had a big pull in weight) in a maiden race, in which Temnos, another



CRACK JOCKEYS RACING ON SNOW AND ICE: BILLY GRIGGS, MARTIN, AND DANNY MAHER IN A SKIJÖRING CONTEST AT ST. MORITZ.

Billy Griggs is leading; Martin is on his left; Danny Maher is bringing up the rear.—[Photograph by Ballance.]

or twice on a neighbouring racecourse. Whether Helot can stay a mile at top speed is a point that he has yet to prove in public, but his owner seemingly has no qualms on the subject, and he appears to be confident that his most expensive purchase for the last year or two will either win or finish in the first three. Helot won a race over a mile at Eglinton last April, but the cattle he beat could not get him on the stretch, so that race is no sort of guide. Later in the year, he failed to beat Match Cup over a mile and a quarter in an apprentice race at Carlisle—a result that seems to point to a kink in his staying-power, or he would surely have vanquished such a moderate plater, even granting that he was conceding 26 lb. He finished up last season by winning in soft ground over six furlongs at Manchester, and it is possibly on that and on something he has done on the training-ground that Mr. Sievier bases his hopes.

**"National" Trials.** For a couple of months before the time fixed for the Grand National, various races are run under the somewhat grandiloquent title "Grand National Trial Steeplechase." The object of these events is to attract horses engaged in the big Liverpool Steeplechase, and so increase gate receipts. From a business point of view this is commendable, and from a tactical point of view it is not to be despised, for it is better that a horse should have experience of a racecourse than come from a training-ground after a long interval to take part in an important race. But, as guides to the chances held for the Grand National, these "Trials" are practically valueless. Aintree is a law unto itself. It is unique, and there is nothing elsewhere that even approaches it. Consequently, these "Trials" can shed little, if any, light on the great problem of "What will win the National?" The Trial Steeplechase does not even compass the requisite distance; it is



A FAMOUS JOCKEY STEERS A BOB IN THE BOBSLEIGH DERBY, AND IS BEATEN BY "ALSO RAN": KEMPTON CANNON ON THE "STAR."

The "Star," the bob steered by Kempton Cannon, did the first course of the Bobsleigh Derby at St. Moritz in 1 min. 46 2-5 sec. The best time made by the twenty bobs was made by "Sanga-Sanga," which covered the course in 1 min. 36 sec. In the first course "Also Ran" finished in 1 min. 41 1-5 sec. The same bob won the race by doing the best time on the second day. Amongst the competing bobs was also the "Mouse," steered by Danny Maher. The Bobsleigh Derby sweepstake was the biggest thing of its kind ever held at St. Moritz; 7280 tickets were sold at two francs each. "Also Ran" was drawn by Messrs. Sanders and Rowan, and bought by Sir Harold Harmsworth for 2200 francs. The first prize was 7000 francs.

good hurdle-jumper, figured. Bagotstown, Friendly Foe, Fredith, and Thirty-Three are all successful young ones, but by no stretch of the imagination can they be called brilliant. As regards the 'chasers, Jock and Black Plum have done well since making the transition from the smaller obstacles; Usury has shown great capacity over both fences and hurdles; Belus has settled down into a useful one; Maxim IV. and Ballymadun give promise; and Rory O'Moore has increased his reputation.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

# WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**The Idle "Lady."** Olive Schreiner has brought all the weight of a world-famous name to her indictment of the idle lady who flourishes so exuberantly in the opulent, luxurious society of to-day. The author of "The Story of an African Farm" roundly calls the woman who does not work—either with her hands or her brain—a "parasite," and declares that she must be exterminated from our midst, lest she should act as a degenerating influence not only on the people around her, but on the sons and daughters whom she may bear. It is a spirited frontal attack which our author makes on what John Knox called the "monstrous regiment of women," with their pretensions to power and influence. Yet it must be owned that the onslaught—though partially justified—is a little wild in its methods. The number of women nowadays who are supported by men's industry—without doing anything in return—is somewhat limited. They are chiefly dangerous because our legislating men-kind always take this small contingent as the standard from which to argue. To most men of the upper and professional classes "women" mean the bright, well-dressed, cultivated creatures they take in to dinner or help to cups of tea of an afternoon. They are, as a rule, very dimly conscious of those other toiling millions. The picture-hats of the young ladies they meet at Private Views completely blot them out. Moreover, it is not Man who objects to the parasitic feminine hanger-on; it is the woman's awakening sense of personal dignity which makes her desire, above all things, economic independence. Like Miss Cicely Hamilton, Olive Schreiner would have no girl or widow marry just to be "kept." It is, indeed, especially in the case of childless marriages, a subtly degrading position for any human being to occupy. But it will be a long time before all the doors of the professions are thrown open to budding womanhood, so that they can choose between the Young Eros and a career.

**Skittles.** That unconventional ecclesiastic the Bishop of London has been recommending skittles as a pleasing recreation, and maintains that his parties for men at Bethnal Green, which included tea and ninepins "from five to seven," were far more lively—which I can quite believe—than the conventional garden-party at Fulham Palace, which he is obliged to give to a higher stratum of society. For skittles—which form the favourite amusement of high and low in Austria—is one of the most entertaining of sports and pastimes, and I always wonder that someone in search of a new sensation does not make this old English game the fashion again. It involves everything which makes a game amusing to modern people. It requires skill, a good eye, strenuous exercise, a high spirit of emulation, and you can bet on it up to quite a respectable figure. Women can play at it as well as men, and the attitudes of bending, picking up the heavy wooden balls, and sending them rolling

successfully down the wooden skittle-alley, are eminently becoming to the Fair. I understand that a somewhat similar game was a favourite pastime of the late King Edward, and that it was played at Sandringham after dinner by stately Dowagers in all the inappropriate restrictions of full evening dress. Skittles, however, which are for ever intimately and hilariously associated with our national drink, are perhaps more conveniently played in the daytime, and in comfortable clothes.



TWO CHARMING BRIDGE GOWNS.

The girl standing wears a gown of Nattier-blue cashmere-de-soie, with a suède panel of blue-and-green brocade laced with silver cord. The collar-piece is of braided net to match. The other girl's dress is in old-rose foulard, the bodice having a yoke and shoulder-piece of black satin appliqué, and being furthermore veiled in gold-tinted ninon heavily embroidered in porcelain beads. A black-silk sash swatches the waist and falls in two straight ends.

**"Home Manners are Bad Manners."** In nothing has Mr. Bernard Shaw shown himself so doughty and unabashed a reformer as in his periodic attacks on "happy English family life," its dullness, frowstiness, and plentiful lack of good manners. He makes a special onslaught on those husbands who look upon holy wedlock as a kind of "dispensation from all the common civilities and delicacies which they have to observe before strangers." He justly maintains that if such people behaved in a like manner in society, they would "very soon find themselves without a friend, or even an acquaintance, in the world." Scolding, nagging, complaining, and grumbling in the family circle are, I think, specially English characteristics. This is what is called "grousing" in the Army; it may not mean very much, and is probably only a vent for cerebral irritation, but the effect on the victims of the grumbler is disastrous. It makes home a place to be avoided at all costs, and the wife who indulges in this hideous habit soon finds that clubs are serious rivals to the amenities of the domestic dinner table. I fancy the grumblers—male or female after their kind—are rarely conscious of the devastation and despair they create around them. But the standard of civilised society out-of-doors should be insisted on in every "home circle."

**The Elusive Baby.** In the quaint face which Mr. Weedon Grossmith has brought from America and produced at the Criterion Theatre with unmistakable success, a feature of modern life is touched upon which makes our compilers of statistics groan, but which seems likely to extend itself year by year, both in the

United States, our Colonies, and in England. In "Baby Mine" it is not the charming young girl-wife who is enamoured of lace-trimmed cots or who is filled with the ambition of motherhood, it is the young husband who displays such extraordinary love of offspring as to accept quite a quantity of infants with rapture rather than be bereft of the joys of finding himself a father. All through this very American play the wife shows a marked aversion to the little creatures that Mr. Weedon Grossmith, to the huge delight of the audience, produces from beneath his overcoat; while the husband can be made to accept any baby, if only he is convinced it is his own. It is an extremely modern touch, characteristic, especially, of American life, where the Baby would seem to be as elusive and unattainable as the Snark.

## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### The Coming Invasion of London.

Hordes are bearing down upon us; prepare to receive them with the only appropriate arms—open ones. Our nation has been crowning Kings and Queens for a matter of fourteen hundred years; it is true there was a short break while Oliver Cromwell interrupted: still, Coronations come naturally to us. That of our new King and Queen is fraught with supreme interest to all the daughter nations, and to our American cousins, too. So thousands upon thousands of them are coming to rejoice with us, and to see such stately sights as only our old historical London can provide. It is to be hoped that we shall one and all make them welcome—that is, be kind to them whether they have been introduced to us or not. Introduction is a kind of insular fetish which we are, happily, beginning to worship less earnestly. It is so easy to help visitors who do not know their way about. I remember a lady who came from Canada for the last Coronation saying that the policemen behaved like chivalrous gentlemen to her; women of whom she asked her way or for information gave it, if at all, grudgingly and suspiciously; and young men were often frankly rude. Let's all be nice and kind this time; and, even if they do ask us things we ought to know and don't, we can try and find out for them; or if it happens that they are in Regent Street, and ask the way there, there is a tactful method of putting them right.

### Tall Tales.

An elevator would be required to get at the top of some of the stories being told about the prices paid for houses for the Coronation. The important thing is that the foundations are unsound. The truth is that there has, up to now, been no great demand for houses, and fancy prices are not entertained for a moment. Mr Burdett-Coutts, having Holly Lodge, within easy motor-distance of town, has let it, Stratton Street to the Special Envoy from America. There is a splendid ball-room, forming the end apartment of a fine series of reception-rooms on the first floor. Of these there are four, each having a hand-painted ceiling. All are hung with Imperial Chinese yellow, and in them are cases containing a collection of old turquoise-blue Sèvres that is of indescribable beauty. In one room there are cases in which is a Sèvres breakfast set that is practically priceless. The fine house in St. James's Square which the Marquess of Anglesey has had altered and superbly decorated and furnished has been taken by Mr. and Mrs. Astor, as he is now a member of Parliament and must be in town. Mrs. Leeds has taken Mrs. George Keppel's beautiful house in Grosvenor Street. All these, with other houses that have been secured, have brought by no means fabulous prices. I hear that few houses will be offered by their owners to the Government for putting up special guests. This, however, will probably be found later to be a misconception, for many were lent for King Edward's Coronation.

### Penitential Garb.

If all women for their sins were compelled to go during Lent in the harem skirt, then would sackcloth and ashes be preferred before it. As a matter of fact, sombre hues have been so much in favour that there is no difference at all observable, now that Lent has passed its first week. A dance a night is the average, and one that seems likely to be kept up for next week. Dancing is at its best now; later, when the nights are hot and crowded with great and State doings, there will be fewer really enjoyable dances. Girls are wearing such pretty, simple frocks that give their feet plenty of play. Very neat feet they are, too, and very nimble!

### Hats Not Extinguishers.

One of the things that we want our visitors to enjoy is the beauty of English womanhood. At present, between veils that disfigure and hats that hide, it is in eclipse. There are signs, however, that it will emerge this season. The hats will be smaller, and will not droop dejectedly over one eye or the other; when the weather becomes warmer the disfiguring veils will have to be discarded. Throughout this winter friend has passed friend, acquaintance been unconscious of acquaintance, while men have had to peer under falling brims before raising their own hats. Even at large indoor assemblages it would have been hard to tell "tother from which" but for a little tilt of the head—so fascinating as perhaps to give the clue to the reign of the drop-brim hat. It is early days to predict, but the indications are all that hats will be smaller.

### Hail, Columbia!

Our American cousins may well take an interest in the Coronation. They will—that is, the feminine element of them—be widely represented in the Abbey on that historic occasion. Their Graces of Marlborough, Roxburghe, and Manchester; the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava and Mina Marchioness of Anglesey; the Countesses of Ancaster, Essex, Granard, Donoughmore, Suffolk, and Cora Countess of Strafford; Viscountess Maidstone; Ladies Monson, Newborough, Cheylesmore, Decies, Leigh, Barrymore, Leith, are some of the American Peeresses and wives of Peers' eldest sons who will be invited as their right to witness the great ceremony. All have been welcomed as delightful additions to our nobility. No one will more eagerly hail Columbia than the King and Queen, who thoroughly like the naturalness and the niceness of Americans.

### The marriage arranged between Mr. Philip Roston and Miss

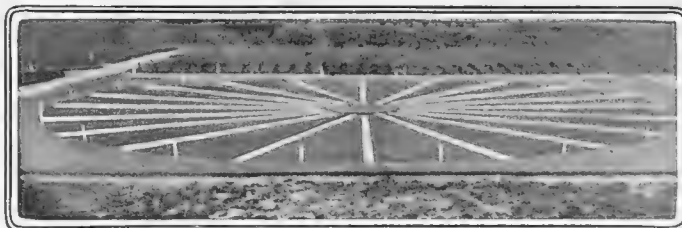
Beatrice Gorst will, indirectly, remind the bride's first cousin, Sir Eldon Gorst, of his very plausible pretensions to youth. She will make a young and lovely bride, and when the cares of all Egypt weigh heavily, and Sir Eldon feels as at least an uncle among men, he can call to mind comfortingly that he is of the same generation as "la gentile Beatrice."

In the interesting photograph given in our Issue of March 1 showing a group of great oyster experts testing the relative merits of the American Blue Point and the Native, we regret that we were unable to identify the fourth figure from the left. We are now able to give the name, which is that of Mr. Jacob Heilborn, Managing Director of the Gillette Safety Razor Company.

Princess Bariatinsky (Mme. Lydia Yavorska), whose efforts on behalf of the intellectual drama in England are meeting with much appreciation, is just at present playing at two London theatres in one week—a somewhat unusual circumstance. From Monday, March 6, until Saturday, the 18th (with the exception of Tuesday, the 14th), she is appearing as Nora in Ibsen's "The Doll's House," at the Court Theatre, every evening, with matinées on Wednesdays and Saturdays; while on Friday afternoon, March 10, she will play in "The Career of Nablotsky," by Prince Bariatinsky, and "Rosamond," by Mr. John Pollock, at the Royalty Theatre.

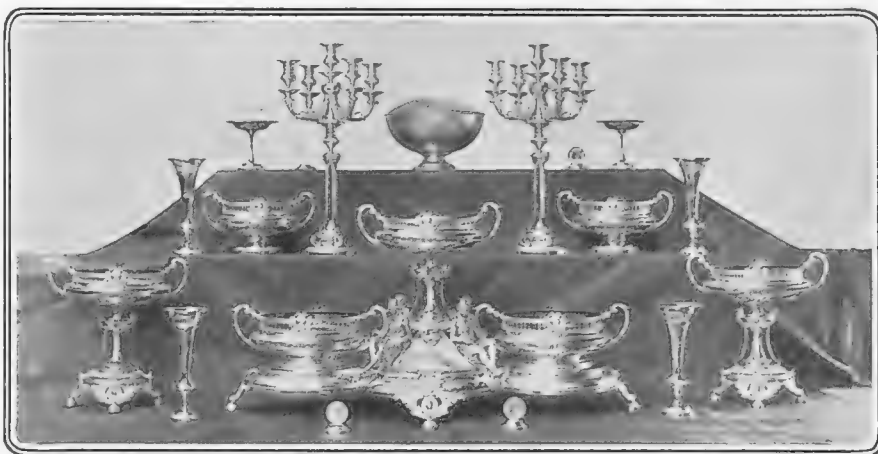
In view of the interest taken just now in standard bread, Messrs. Huntley and Palmer, the famous biscuit-manufacturers, of Reading, rightly call attention to the fact that their

biscuits are submitted to a similar standardisation, and contain the most nutritive portions of the wheat. The wholemeal for their biscuits is ground between stones, and contains the valued germ, as well as the semolina, and, in fact, the full nutriment of the grain. This, and the enjoyable form in which these ingredients are "dished up," no doubt accounts for the great popularity of their biscuits.



NOT "GRAVELLED FOR LACK OF MATTER," BUT GRASSED BETWEEN THE SPOKES: A WHEEL-LIKE SHOW-GROUND OF CARTER'S TESTED GRASS SEEDS.

In each section formed by the spokes of the wheel is a different variety of grass grown from Carter's tested seeds for lawns, putting-greens, etc. During the last ten years Messrs. Carter, whose headquarters are now at Raynes Park, have sown nearly 100 new or enlarged golf-courses. They have succeeded in producing permanent greens on golf links in the South of France—a feat previously deemed impossible—and also in producing English turf in the United States.



PRESENTED TO BARON ELICHI SHIBUSAWA, OF TOKIO: A SET OF ENGLISH SILVERWARE. Our photograph shows part of a set of English silver, chinaware, and cut glass, recently presented by the shareholders of the Tokio Marine Insurance Company to Baron Elichi Shibusawa, in honour of his thirty years' association with the company as founder and member of the board of directors. The whole service was specially designed and made by Messrs. Mappin and Webb (1908), Ltd., of 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; 158-162, Oxford Street, W.; and 220, Regent Street, W. Messrs. Mappin and Webb, it may be noted, are silversmiths to the Mikado.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on March 22.*

## MARKETS AND MONEY.

INVESTMENT and speculation alike are astir in the Stock Exchange markets—the former fanned by cheaper money, the latter whetted by the boomlet in Home Railway stocks and Rubber shares. This week's Settlement is an exceedingly busy one for numbers of Stock Exchange offices, and the details connected with the arrangement of the account in Rubber shares are heavier than they have been for nearly a year. The Consol Market, too, has revived on a sudden, and it looks as if the Home Railway boomlet will "come again" when the carry-over is out of the way, and the market settles down to dealing for the new account. There is plenty of money available for employment in the Stock Exchange, and the way in which good new issues are being applied for by the public is proof of their more willing appetite to take reasonable risks with their capital.

## GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION.

We believe it was the *Times* which originally started the phrase of "geographical distribution for investments," but, of course, the idea of spreading risks as widely as possible is old as the hills, and is aimed at by every careful capitalist. But the most brilliant of the financial writers of to-day points out one lurking fallacy, as he asks of what use is it to have capital invested in doubtful concerns, though they be poles asunder? By all means let the obvious desirability of well-spread risks be faithfully attended to; but even before that consideration, let the investor see to it that he takes sound stocks of ready marketability. A stock might be of apparently unimpeachable character, but if it were not one that could be sold by any broker in the Stock Exchange, or if it were one that a bank would not readily lend upon, that stock would have very little attraction for our own money. The matter of easy negotiation and ready marketability should be a cardinal essential with the average investor; and to put money into securities, however tempting they may look, which fail to comply with both the conditions we have laid down is a thing which, in our opinion, no prudent man should dream of doing.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Come and sit down here a minute," his broker invited. "Three of the legs of that stool are whole. Shan't keep you a minute," and he dived into an inner office.

At a table in the big room sat three men all telephoning; on different instruments at the same time.

(The horrible temptation to mix up one conversation with another is manfully resisted.)

"My man," shouted another, "wants to know what he ought to buy for a spec. in the Home Railway Market."

"Yes, of course I ought to know, and I do know, but I wanted to hear what you'd got to say, so that I could keep him out of them. No, Miss! Oh, no! Of course we haven't finished. Don't—"

"Little Chatham's? Rather a general tip, aren't they? Yes, I know traffics are good, and there's the Coronation and Kent coal. Well, perhaps you're right. Oh, hang that girl!"

"They were when I came in," the second man was telephoning. "But New York was doing nothing, and the market was stupid."

"Can't see your way? It's more than a little puzzling. But we are in for a big rise if you take a broad view, and don't mind seeing the market go against you, perhaps, just at first."

"Eries? Quite a good gamble. And Steel Common for a bigger rise."

"Carry them over for you? Certainly, provided you stump up your differences like a man. That's right, bang down the telephone!"

"One hundred of each? Right you are, Sir," and up he jumped, hurrying away.

You understand, of course, that all three conversations were going on at the same time.

The third man had been suggesting a few investment securities.

"There's Central London Railway 4 per cent. Preferred stock at 85," he was saying. "That ought to be good for 90 before long, because the Company is bound to make big strides when it gets linked up in the west with the Great Western, and in the City with the Great Eastern."

"Can't say I fancy 'em very much. Of course, if you want more interest on your money you can have Central Argentine Railway Ordinary or Cement Preference (they're pretty good) or Peruvian Corporation Debenture."

"A tip? Mustn't be Rubber shares, eh? Well, I bought a few Peru Ordinary to-day at 10½ P.A. No, no! P.A. doesn't mean per annum in the Stock Exchange. It mean Private Account. Well, now—"

The broker bustled out.

"Listening to all my secrets?" he laughed, taking Our

Stroller's arm. "Come and have a mouthful of fresh air, or some other poison."

In Throgmorton Street a group of men stood chatting about the eternal Rubber and Oil shares.

"The Oil Market can't possibly go better until the Rubber excitement dies down," one declared.

"There's no justification for an Oil boom, William, my boy."

"Don't you be too hyper-sanguine about that. If you were to spend more time studying the financial papers and less in reading the *Sportsman*, you'd know that the price of oil has been going up lately."

"Spies, they tell me," said a laconic. "Hold for five bob."

"Any figure?"

"Thirty-five, Funny Face. Stop it, or I'll—"

Rubber was holding the field at the adjacent meeting.

"I'm going into the Rubber Market," said one jobber. "It's disgusting over here, and you do get a run for your money in rubber, anyway."

"Sometimes it's the money that gets the run," was the dry retort. "Things like Linggis and Vallambrosas are too high already."

Our Stroller's broker put in a word.

"I'd rather go to a broker—"

"What self-effacement!" exclaimed an admirer.

"—to a broker who has really studied the Rubber Market, and ask him to put me on to some of the more unfashionable properties than touch Linggis, Valls., or even Highlands."

"Such Companies want looking for," commented another man.

"And a little real trouble is exactly what most of you brokers won't take," declared the same admirer as before. "You rely a good deal upon instinct, a good deal upon the look of the market at the moment, and—"

"—a good deal more than anything else upon what a jobber tells you. That's what you brokers rely upon most of all."

"Who's this talking about lies and lies and lies?" cried a broker, bustling up.

"Re-ly, old man; the word was re-ly."

"Oh!" said The Broker. "I call that twice as bad, don't you? I do, real-ly!"

## RECIPROCITY AND CANADAS.

The American Market has been greatly exercised during the last ten days or so as to whether an extra Session of Congress must needs be held in order to deal with the Reciprocity Agreement between the United States and Canada; but the anxiety is less on the main point than on the subsidiary question as to whether Congress might not seize upon the occasion to teach the Trusts a lesson. Therefore, it really matters little to the holders of Canadian Pacifics whether this extra Session be convened or not, and, in point of probability, everything points to the Agreement being concluded. It may not materialise all at once, as we have hinted here on previous occasions, and if any substantial obstacle be reared in the way of what is certain to come—either sooner or later—then Canadas may shed a few points. The matter having got so far as it has done, however, its passage into law is inevitable, and its effect upon Canadian trade can have but one result, in the prosperity of which the railways will be amongst the greatest participants. To sell Canadas now, except with a view to getting the shares back more cheaply upon some possible market break that will prove temporary, would be a pity, considering the chances that there are of the price going to 250. At the same time, all but recent buyers could get a fine profit by realising at the current quotation, and there may be some holders who act upon the quite sound principle that the taking of good profits can never land them in the Bankruptcy Court.

## RUBBERETTES.

The frequent question is heard as to what Rubber shares are worth buying to hold as speculative investment. From what we glean through first-class sources, Highlands and Lowlands, even at £6, are not dear, so long as the price of rubber keeps at anything like 7s. per lb.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is rather strange, perhaps, that Highlands have not been split into the popular denomination of a florin. They are still £1 shares, and if a splitting scheme were adopted they would probably stand decidedly higher than they do to-day. We happen to know that the Company is doing exceedingly well.

\* \* \* \* \*

For the longer shot commend us to Lanadron. The Company pays good, but not showy dividends. This is one point in the Board's favour, because everything possible is being done to put the concern into as fine a position financially as we believe the property is physically. The management is a model one, and these things, in the long run, tell.

\* \* \* \* \*

Little market exists in the florin shares of the H. and U. Rubber Company, which came out last May—a Columbian Rubber undertaking. The price stands at a slight discount. Unless our

information greatly errs, the accounts shortly to be presented will show a profit of 20 to 25 per cent. on the year's working.

Many fresh Rubber Companies are being prepared for flotation by the various promoting houses. The advice of good brokers, members of the Stock Exchange, on such matters is often of greater value than many hours' study of a prospectus by the amateur applicant.

Of the really cheap floriners, we believe Bukit Sembawang's to stand in the front rank amongst the low-priced shares. All the purchase-money was taken in shares, and although the Company came out at a most unfavourable time—in the middle of the December General Election—the shares offered to the public were over-subscribed. They are now 1s. paid, with a final call of 1s. due next June, and stand about sixpence premium.

#### THE NATIONAL TELEPHONE COMPANY.

We have been asked to set out in plain language the precise position of the National Telephone Company now that its days are limited to three hundred. "Please put it plainly and without the jargon of the newspapers," runs the courteous suggestion. We like large orders, but—

However, the total paid-up capital of the National Telephone Company is just under 11½ million pounds sterling, including 4 million pounds Debenture stock. Of the total, 4½ million pounds will be repaid at the end of this year by the Government at par, the Government having the right to pay £75 out of every £100, not in cash, but in terminable annuities (we hope this "jargon" will be overlooked) if it chooses. Of the remaining 7½ million pounds, slightly less than 2½ is in Preferred stock, which will be paid off at a premium of 5 per cent., so that, in all, 6½ million pounds is redeemable at par, or virtually par.

There remains 3½ millions in Deferred stock and 1½ millions in Third Preference shares to be provided for.

Now the Company's assets, as shown in the last balance sheet, were rather over 16 million pounds. Allowing 1½ millions for a very modest depreciation, and taking away the 6½ repayable at par, there would remain 8 million pounds' worth of assets to be distributed amongst the holders of the 5 million pounds Deferred stock and Third Preference shares, giving them say 160 for the former and £8 for the latter, the current market prices being 139 and 6½ respectively. But what those 16 million pounds of assets may be worth in the eyes of the Railway and Canal Commissioners, the arbitrators

between the Postmaster-General and the National Telephone Company, who shall say? The Company is to be taken over on "tramway" terms—that is, as a going concern without allowance for goodwill. We have used round figures, but their roundness becomes hazy when tempered with questions of depreciation, objections to plant, and so on, for which liberal allowances must be made. This, however, is the state of affairs as it obtains, roughly speaking, to-day; and if anyone wants more detailed information on the subject, we may observe that it is of little use to study the chairman's speech at the recent meeting for it.

Saturday, March 4, 1911.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor.  
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

BARTON.—We think you will do well to buy the few Jumbo shares as a speculative lock-up.

PERPLEXED.—You will do much better by going to a good firm of Stock Exchange brokers. We gave a list of sound stocks in our Issue of Feb. 15, and do so periodically. We should be very sorry to touch the securities you quote.

F. J.—We think Reciprocity will benefit the Canadian Pacific. At 219½ your eight shares would be worth £351 12s. in our money. We should keep them. Equally pleased to hear from you in pencil or pen.

PAPER-KNIFE.—(1) Please see answer to "Perplexed," and (2) our Notes this week.

OLIO.—At this price Kerns don't look dear. We think Chartered—the full title of the concern is the British South Africa Company—are all right to put away for a time. Yankees for a gamble are indicated in Our Stroller's column this week.

M. J. H.—We should be inclined to hold Coras for about 35.

MOLLIE.—Suggest your keeping No. 1, selling 200 of No. 2, all No. 3, and half No. 4.

J. H.—Your letter was answered by post on March 4.

#### MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Cheltenham I like these: National Hunt Steeplechase, Carder; Cotswold Flat Race, Misrule; National Hunt Juvenile Steeplechase, Jack Hare; National Hunt Handicap Steeplechase, Glenside; Gloucester Hurdle, Gaiety. At Kempton, Tyranny II. may win the Thames Hurdle; Slow Leopard, the Middlesex Steeplechase; Jock, the Spring Steeplechase; and Lord Cork, the Bushey Park Hurdle. At Hooton, Strickland may win the Rossmore Flat Race; Newgrange, the Hooton Park Hurdle; Domino, the Great Cheshire Steeplechase; and Cefn, the Open Hurdle.

## SPRING DAYS.

The Advent of Spring means a desire for lighter weight suits. Mr. Bult, who has been established in Fenchurch Street for so many years, is able to fulfil the requirements of the most fastidious.

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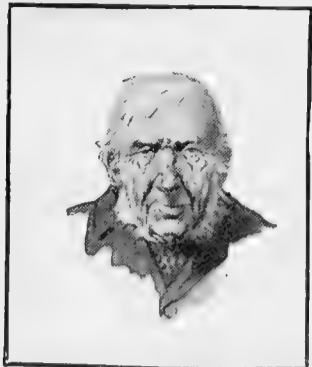
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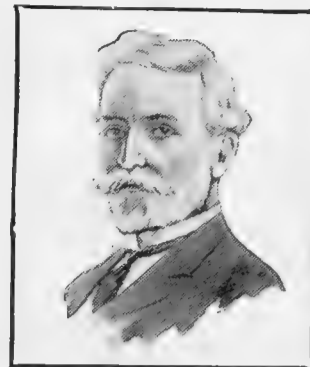
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# Contrasts

From the Report of the  
National Food Enquiry Bureau—

**Proving the importance of Oat-Food  
for bodily and mental vigour :—**



1.—"An investigation of over 6,000 inmates of work-houses disclosed the startling fact that in 50 per cent. of the workhouses there were not three in a hundred who had made a regular use of oatmeal."

2.—"A well-known gentleman of advanced years, occupying a high position in connection with one of our greatest Colonies. . . . takes porridge every morning for breakfast, and has no other meal until dinner in the early evening."

## The Value of Oat-Food for Sedentary Workers

is overwhelmingly proved by the facts gathered in the Bureau's comprehensive investigation. Judges, lawyers, headmasters of colleges and schools, students, and men prominent in public life praise Oat-Food as a builder of sound bodies, steady nerves and clear brains. *Life's leaders are oat-fed.* Life's failures are ill-nourished.

## The Weak and the Strong.

The Bureau found that in the slums of London not three in 100 eat Oat-Food.

But in one good-class school in Birmingham 88 out of 100 pupils use Oat-Food.

At the universities and public schools an average of 94 out of 100 of the athletes were "brought up on" Oat-Food, and the proportion of those who use Oat-Foods in "training" is 10 to 1.

The Investigation's Report shows out of 514 doctors, 494 declare that an increased consumption of Oat-Food would greatly benefit the nation.

## Why Oat-Food?

The doctors recommend Oat-Food because they know that for your money you get in oats a more perfect combination of the heat and energy giving elements of food, the body-building part,

the brain-food and the food of the nerves and nerve-centres than in any other food.

## Oat-Food at its Best.

The whole world knows that Oat-Food is found at its best in Quaker Oats.

The large, thin flakes that cook and digest so easily.—The delicious flavour—

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# Gigantic Free Offer of Harlene "Hair-Drill" Outfits

40,000,000 GIFTS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

To Every Person in the United Kingdom, a Bottle of Harlene (the Hair Specific of Royalty throughout the world), a Packet of Delightful "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, and Mr. Edwards' Valuable Book on the Famous "Harlene Hair Drill" Method To Be sent Without Cost. Readers have Only to Fill In and Forward the Coupon Below.

**£500 IN HANDSOME CASH PRIZES FOR "HARLENE" USERS.**

It is with the greatest pleasure that the announcement is made to-day that every "Sketch" reader—man, woman, or child—in the United Kingdom is to be presented with a magnificent gift, in order to commemorate the Coronation Year of their Gracious Majesties King George and Queen Mary.

## WHAT THE GIFTS CONSIST OF.

Mr. Edwards, the world-famous hair specialist and inventor of the famous "Harlene Hair Drill," in order to enable every one of their Majesties' subjects to secure a glorious head of hair, offers, absolutely free, his "Harlene Hair Drill" Triple Gift Outfit, which embraces all that is necessary to at once commence growing a glorious head of hair!

There is no obligation attaching to the acceptance of this toilet present, which is one of the most useful gifts any man or woman or any parent, on behalf of the children, can secure.

Mr. Edwards is prepared to give no fewer than 40,000,000 "Harlene Hair Drill" outfits, sufficient to supply one to every inhabitant of the British Isles, for the asking.

**ONE MILLION TESTIFY TO THE BENEFITS OF HARLENE!**

Over one million people have already been able to personally realise how beneficial the Harlene Hair Drill Treatment is! Mr. Edwards wishes to extend its benefits in curing baldness, greyness, loss of lustre, and all diseases of the hair to every person in Great Britain and Ireland or in any part of the world.

This great Coronation Triple Gift consists of:

1. A bottle containing seven days' supply of the World's Famous Hair Grower and Scalp Tonic, "Harlene," which, the experience of thousands proves, compels the hair to grow in abundance and luxuriance. 2. A packet of "Cremex," a specially prepared and delightful shampoo powder, which effectively cleanses the head and hair from all dirt, scurf, dandruff, and other injurious matter, and prepares the scalp and hair roots for the reception of the stimulating effects of the "Harlene Hair Drill."



The Triple Harlene Hair Drill Outfit depicted above will be sent free to every one of the more than 40,000,000 inhabitants of the United Kingdom who applies for it. Cheques for various amounts—£500 in all—are also offered in an interesting Coronation Year Competition to stimulate general interest in Hair Culture.

Mr. Edwards' interesting book, which tells you how to grow rich, glossy hair. Mr. Edwards' book is of the greatest value, for if you are suffering from any form of hair trouble you will be clearly informed how you may completely rid yourself of the same.

If your hair shows signs of greyness or loss of colour; if, after brushing the hair in the morning, there are indications that it is commencing to fall out, the prelude to premature baldness, or if you are troubled with scurf, dandruff, or scalp worries of any kind, you should at once avail yourself of Mr. Edwards' great Coronation Triple Gift, and restore your hair to its natural luxuriant beauty.

## SEVEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL CONVINCES.

If you are wise, you will accept at once this splendid offer, and immediately fill in and forward, with 3d. stamps to cover the postage, the coupon given below to Edwards' Harlene Company, 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C. After one week's practice you will be amazed at the marvellous improvement in your hair.

Subsequent supplies of "Harlene" can be obtained from all leading chemists and stores in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles, and of "Cremex" Shampoo Powders in boxes of six for 1s., or may be had direct and post free on receipt of postal order at the Harlene Offices, 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

## £500 PRIZE COMPETITION.

LADIES—1st Prize, £50; 2nd £25; 20 Prizes £1 each; 200 of 10s. each. GENTS—1st Prize, £50; 2nd, £25; 20 Prizes £1 each; 200 of 10s. each. GIRLS—1st Prize, £25; 2nd, £10; 10 of £1 each; 20 of 10s. each. BOYS—1st Prize, £25; 2nd, £10; 10 of £1 each; 20 of 10s. each.

Full particulars of this competition can be obtained from your chemist, direct from Edwards' Harlene Co., on receipt of stamped envelope, or same are enclosed with every sample outfit.

## FREE TRIAL OUTFIT COUPON.

To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO., 95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Not having used your preparations, please send to the following address a Sample Supply of "Harlene for the Hair," a Free Packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, together with a copy of the "Hair Drill Handbook on Hair Culture."

I enclose 3d. stamps to pay the postage of package to any part of the world.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

"The Sketch," March 8, 1911.



**I'd no idea Lemco Spoons were as beautiful as this!**

If you could only read the enthusiastic letters received, or better still, SEE these Bouillon Spoons yourself, you would certainly not miss this splendid Lemco Offer, closing, by the way, on October 31st.

One lady's letter says: "Many thanks for the Lemco Spoon received; am delighted with it," and then touchingly continues: "A pity your Lemco goes so far; I shall be ages before I can get another spoon!"

True, Lemco goes further than any similar preparation, because Lemco is the most highly concentrated of all; just prime beef, without added water, seasoning, colouring, or doctoring of any kind. This is where Lemco is so economical.

But Lemco also keeps indefinitely. You may buy sufficient to qualify for the spoons without the slightest fear of wastage.

# Lemco

The unrivalled value of Lemco in the preparation of scores of appetising dishes—especially of nourishing soups and gravies—makes Lemco a treasure to the home-cook. Its guaranteed purity, its freedom from fat and its stimulating qualities make it priceless to invalids; and  $\frac{1}{8}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful of Lemco in half-a-pint of hot milk daily is a veritable wonder-worker for growing or backward children.



By appointment to H.M. the King.

Reduced Facsimile of Lemco Bouillon Spoon. Actual length of Spoon 7 inches. Complete Case measures 12 by 8 by 2 1/2 in.

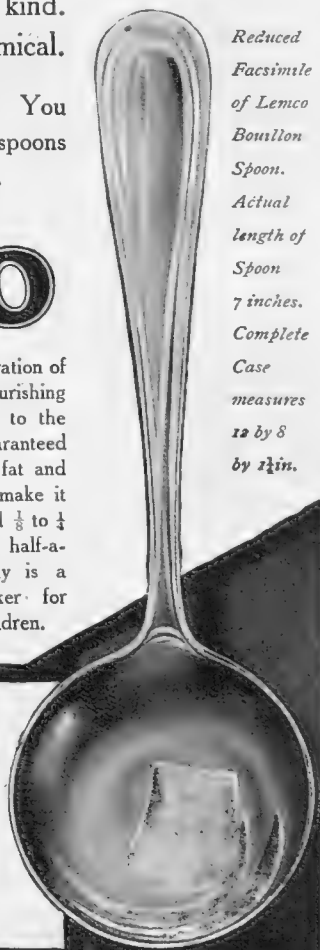
LEMCO SPOONS are made by Elkington & Co., 73, Cheapside, E.C., and 22, Regent Street, S.W., from Silver Plate, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

The Spoons can be obtained FREE AS FOLLOWS:—

1 Spoon for Coupons from 16oz. and 1d. in 2 Spoons " " 2lbs. " 2d. stamps 3 " " " 3lbs. " 3d. to cover 4 " " " 4lbs. " 3d. package 5 " " " 5lbs. " 3d. and 6 " in handsome case, 6lbs. " 4d. postage.

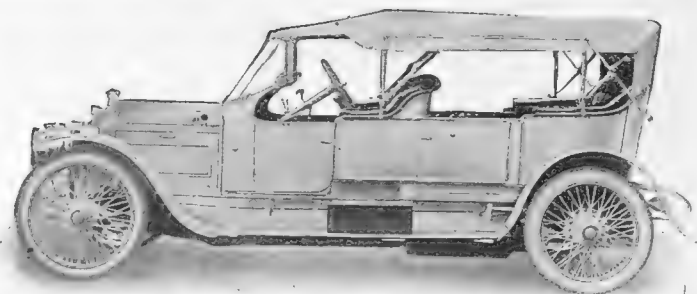
This offer is open till October 31, 1911. Weight Coupon will be found under capsule of each jar.

LEMCO, 4, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C.



BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE V.  
**THE NELSON COLUMN**  
 is a monument to British naval  
 supremacy. The 22 years' record of  
**DUNLOPS**  
 is, likewise, a monument to  
 British motor tyre supremacy.

Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Co., Ltd., Aston, Birmingham, and 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.  
 Dunlop golf balls are made in half-a-dozen patterns: top price never exceeds 2/- each.



## The beau-ideal of country-house cars

So reliable a chassis and so exquisitely fashioned bodywork have never before been seen together—forming, as they do, a perfect car. An enduring pleasure both to ride in and to look at is the

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fitted with **VANDEN PLAS** Bodywork.

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Full Particulars from any  
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**"Angelus"**  
**PLAYER-PIANOS**

AS SUPPLIED TO HIS LATE MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

AS PURCHASED BY ROYALTY AND THE WORLD'S GREATEST MUSICIANS

AS SUPPLIED TO H.M. THE KING OF PORTUGAL AND BY ROYAL WARRANT TO H.M. THE KING OF GREECE.

THE MELODANT  
 The Wonderful New Expression Device

THE PHRASING LEVER  
 Gives Freedom And Individuality To The Performer

THE ANGELUS PLAYER-PIANO CAN BE PLAYED ON THE KEYS OR IN THE ORDINARY WAY, OR WITH THE AID OF THE ANGELUS MUSIC ROLL.

The charm and delight in being able to play the piano can hardly be realised until you possess an ANGELUS.

The simplicity and completeness of the patented Expression Devices enable you to enjoy to the fullest extent the personal interest in rendering artistically the World's best music.

**THE MELODANT** Expression Device (Patented), accentuates the melody or theme of the composition, giving just that exquisite humanlike effect and independence of touch which mark the performance of the accomplished pianist.

**THE PHRASING LEVER** (Patented). Controls every variation of tempo, and gives a distinctive character to the performance.

**THE ARTISTYLE** (Patented), the simple but infallible guide to musical rendition, incorporates into one line the variations of tempo, touch, and expression, giving to the performer a constant source of information regarding the correct interpretation of a composition.

The Angelus Player-Pianos comprise pianos of the most artistic character, and include the famous Brinsmead, Marshall and Rose, Winkelmann, &c. The extraordinary success and popularity of the Angelus Player-Pianos is undoubtedly due to their artistic supremacy and moderate prices.

Kindly call or write for Illustrated Catalogue No. 4.

**J. Herbert Marshall.**

Depot: Angelus Hall, Regent House, 235, REGENT ST. LONDON, W.

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 Your children won't have to be urged to brush their teeth with

**COLGATE'S**  
**RIBBON DENTAL CREAM**

Its delicious candy flavour makes its constant use a treat to every youngster. Cleanses thoroughly and antiseptically, prevents the growth of decay-germs, and counteracts the effects of injurious mouth-acids. Just as Colgate's efficiency acts as a bodyguard against disease, so its pleasant flavour proves that a "druggy" taste is not necessary in a dentifrice.

42 inches of Cream in trial tube sent for 2d. in stamps.

COLGATE & Co., British Depot (Dept. R 1), 46, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.  
 Makers of the famous Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Est. 1806.

**FOR ALL SMOKERS.**

A box of Flor de Dindigul Cigars! That would please any man who appreciates a good smoke. They have that rich, full flavour, yet mild and fragrant aroma that distinguishes a truly high-grade cigar, and every one is cool, sweet and sympathetic to the last draw. YOU may not be a judge of quality, but you pick the leader when you choose

**FLOR DE DINDIGUL**  
**CIGARS.**

*Certificate of Analysis.*

I HEREBY CERTIFY that I have carefully determined the proportion of "Nicotine" present in "Flor de Dindigul" cigars, and in a superior brand of "Havannah" cigar. I found that the "Flor de Dindigul" contained 11 per cent. less of this Alkaloid (nicotine) than was contained in the "Havannah" brand.

The "Flor de Dindigul" cigars had been made from well-conditioned leaves, and were free from adulteration and objectionable substances of any kind.

GRANVILLE H. SHARPE.

Price 3d. each (5 for 11); in boxes of 25, 5/3, 50, 10/3. Then there is the Flor de Dindigul EXTRA, extra choice, 4d. each; 7/6 per box of 25, and the FLOR DE DINDIGUL GRANDES (a long cigar in silver paper), in boxes of 25, 11/- as supplied to the House of Lords. Of all good tobacconists or post free of the Importers, Bewlay and Co., Ltd., 49, Strand, London. Established 131 years.



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is an absolute necessity for all who wish to **Preserve, Strengthen, Nourish** and **Beautify** the **HAIR**



No other preparation produces such a **Dressy and Beautiful** effect on the **Hair** or stimulates its growth so effectually. It is prepared in a **Golden Colour** for Fair Hair. Sold in 3/6, 7/-, 10/6 and 21/- sizes, by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and ROWLANDS, 67, Hatton Garden, London. Avoid cheap, spurious imitations, which have no restorative properties and do not contain that delightful perfume—Otto of Roses—for which Rowland's Macassar Oil has been so long famous.



## Rowlands' Kalydor

**For the Skin.** The only safe and efficacious preparation for Preserving and Beautifying the Skin which scientific research has yet discovered. **Ladies Motoring**, exposed to winds and dust, or frequenting crowded and heated rooms will find it soothes all irritation, prevents Freckles, Tan, Redness and Roughness, and imparts a delicate whiteness to the face, neck, hands and arms unobtainable by any other means. It is sold in 2/3, 4/6 and 8/6 bottles, by Stores, Chemists, and ROWLANDS, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

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#### HEAVY DOUBLE DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS

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Size	Price	Size	Price	Size	Price
2x2 yds	11/-	3x2 yds	16/6	3x2½ yds	22/-
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DINNER NAPKINS to match, 27 in. square, price 18/9 dozen.

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M52 Pure Linen Sheets, Heavy Make, 2x3 yds, 26/10; 2½x3 yds, 34/4 pair.  
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H51 Hemstitched Linen Towels, Damask border, 25x43 in., 24/6 dozen.  
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E533 Duchesse Cover, Hand Embroidered, size 12x45 in., 7/2 each.

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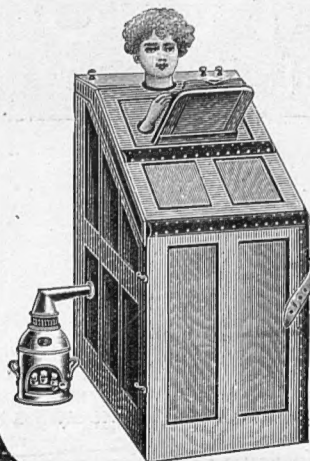
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It forces the impurities and poisonous matters through the pores of the skin, increases the circulation of the blood, and vitalises the whole body. Nothing else accomplishes such perfect cleanliness, or so quickly quiets the nervous and rests the tired. It can be used in any room, and folds into a small compact space. No assistant is required.

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COAL  
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Dainty White, with beautiful self-patterns, 27-28 ins. wide. Guaranteed fast Black and Colours, 1d. yd. extra. Look for name on selvedge.

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Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap is a boon at this season. It effectually protects the skin against the biting March winds, and prevents blotches, eruptions, sore hands, and cracked lips. Zam-Buk Soap with its rare healing and medicinal qualities, is the ideal soap for Baby's tender skin.

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Brushing one's teeth with Calox is the most delightful feature of one's toilet. Calox Tooth Powder liberates a rich supply of cleansing, purifying, life-giving Oxygen, which, besides removing every trace of tartar and discolouration from the teeth, sweetens and invigorates all the tissues and deodorises the breath. Calox prevents decay, arrests it when started, and tones up the entire oral cavity

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References—Capital & Counties Bank.  
R. D. & J. B. FRASER, Ltd. (Desk 12),  
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The article which excels all others in improving the beauty of the skin is naturally and deservedly beauty's favourite. This has been the acknowledged and honoured position held by Pears' Soap for nearly 120 years. It won, and has maintained, that position by virtue of its complete purity, and by the possession of those special emollient properties which soften, refine, and impart natural colour to the skin. No other soap possesses these qualities in such a pre-eminent degree as

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